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THE

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

GOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The violets vanished weeks ago—
The orchard trees forgot their blowing—
The dandelions lost their glow—
The lilacs faded, pale and slow—
God pity me!—the Summer's going!

June cannot breathe this sultry air—
She faints beneath its fervid glowing;
While bold July, half unaware,
Steals all the roses from her hair—
Alas, alas! the Summer's going!

Come back, oh, month of violets,
And apple-blooms the green ways strowing!
Oh, days which no true soul forgets—
Oh, moments full of sweet regrets,
Come back to me!—the Summer's going!

Dear whispering leaves, with fragrant touch,
Your coolness on my forehead throwing—
Another year will come with such—
But oh, I shall have lost so much!
God pity me—the Summer's going!

Portland, Maine.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

THEOPHILE to PAUL.

"HOTEL DE FRANCE, Aug. 30, 18—.

"What an age it is since we have met, my dear brother! I vow that I begin to forget your very features. Twice have I called at your apartments, and twice have I been told that you were out—a statement which, at the risk of offending you, I must confess that I did not, on both occasions, entirely credit. Were it not that I have seen your friend, Mr. Seabrook, twice or thrice lately, I should not even know that you are living and well. I am glad that you chanced to introduce me to this Englishman. I find him pleasant and obliging, and an excellent judge of all that relates to the stable and the studio. He has kindly advised me in the purchase of some horses and paintings, which I think you will like, if you only come to see them.

"I have discovered many of my Parisian acquaintances here—people of whom you have never heard, and whose names would not interest you—and find myself, agreeably enough, in the centre of a distinguished little circle, of which Adrienne is the reigning sovereign. We have determined upon giving a *soiree* on the fifteenth of next month, and are now issuing the cards of invitation. I know that it will be a trial to your patience, my philosophic brother; but I insist that, for this once, you make your appearance among us. I request it as a mark of respect to my wife. It is her first reception; and I am sure that I shall not find you obdurate. But you will come before then, will you not? I enclose Adrienne's card for the fifteenth instant. Write a reply such as you know I desire. Adieu, *mon ami. A toi,*

"T. L.

"P. S.—*Apropos* of horses, I want to buy some at the great sale which they advertise at Malines, and I find my treasury somewhat poorer than I had anticipated. Could you lend me five thousand francs for a day or two?"

NORMAN SEABROOK to PAUL LATOUR.

"AUG. 30th, 18—.

"It is past midnight. All is still in the house. I cannot sleep. Thoughts and sensations which are not, perhaps, wholly strange, but which have presented themselves dimly and rarely to my mind, are now busy within me; and I write to you.

"Your anxiety, your vexation, the solitude which you have maintained for many days—seeing no face but mine—some words spoken by you this morning, have impressed me with a melancholy akin to your own.

"'I have none to love,' you said, 'and nothing to accomplish.'

"*None to love and nothing to accomplish.* Alas! I also, my friend, I have none to love and nothing to accomplish. In that sentence you epigrammatized my history.

"I do not know that I have ever felt so deeply on this subject as to-night. It seems to me that I am halting on the road of life; leaning on my staff, and calmly scanning the backward pastures and the forward waste. How fair and profitless a Past! how blank a Future! I fancied myself a pilgrim free from care—a butterfly tasting the flowers by the wayside with, cut a toil or a sorrow. I have shaken off the dream to-night, and I find that I fill no place among men. I am a drone in the hive.

"You know my affairs as well as I know them myself. You know that it is my pleasure to be a bird of passage lighting here and there, and resting nowhere. You know that I have a small independence, just sufficient to keep me out of debt, and supply my few necessities. You know all this, Paul. Well, at this hour, I feel that a man without ties, without aim, without profession, is morally an offender against society and against Providence. I have head—I have education; yet of what avail are they to me? Will my knowledge of poetry and philosophy make me a poet or a philosopher? Can Plato teach me the law, or Homer qualify me for the profession of arms? My travels have not elevated me into a Humboldt. My amateur chemistry has brought me no nearer to the science of a Liebig or a Dalton.

"I have heart. Although I have, as yet, lived without loving, I am sensible of a capacity for love in my own nature. But dare I think of love? Dare I dream of wife and fireside, I who am without resources? Of what use am I in the world? In what path of human endeavor could I hope to earn bread for my children, were I so unfortunate as to possess any?

"Oh, the life of a man without ties, without home, without labor, is a want and a bitterness. I taste it now for the first time. 'Tis true that I may forget it to-morrow, and for many morrows; but I feel that it must come again and again, and that at last it will abide with me evermore.

"Would that I could begin to study even now! Would that I had something to work for and to love!

"As it is, I fear that I could not devote myself to any profession without some powerful incentive. My powers of mind are various, but not tenacious. I want not perseverance, but constancy. The proposition looks like a paradox; yet it is not one. Whatever I attempt, I attempt earnestly, and with my whole soul. My studies are interrupted by no self-indulgence. I devote myself to my subject night and day, till I arrive at a certain proficiency. There I stop. My curiosity is satisfied. Other objects present themselves, about which I am equally desirous of knowledge. I throw aside the palette for the crucible; the violin for the microscope; the instruments of the mathematician for the wild reveries of the mental philosopher. I am 'everything by turns, and nothing long.'

"I despise myself to-night; for to-night, Paul, I see myself in my true colors. I stand face to face with my own spirit.

"There is something awful in it, Paul—something weird and terrible in thus summoning oneself to judgment. I feel as if I had looked in a mirror and seen a strange face there—a face unlike that to which mine eyes were accustomed daily; but which bore a certain palpable and dread resemblance that convinced me of its identity!

"Tell me, have you never known moments such as this, when the veil of custom seems to be rent suddenly before your eyes; when life and the world stand revealed in their true colors; and when the shows of things are for a few seconds stripped of the semblance of realities? Have you never been aroused by these brief revelations from the hollow seemings of every-day life? Have you never indulged them, as I now indulge them—forgotten them, as I to-morrow shall forget them?

"I have opened my window upon the outer night. It is so still that not a breath stirs the flame of the candle by which I write, and the brazen statue of St. Michael on the slender spire of the Hotel de Ville glitters close by in the moonlight. Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of Nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts—the sight of these house-tops and steeples, with the deep sky and the clustering stars above them, seems to have imparted some quiet to my mind. Perhaps I could sleep now—Good night.

"NORMAN SEABROOK."

Margaret Fletcher to Paul Latour.

Aug. 30th, 18—.

"So many days have elapsed since I last saw my father's friend, that I no longer dare to enumerate them. Some withered ferns and grasses on my table remind me of the time that has gone by since he gathered them for me in the little wood of ——; my unfinished drawing has long awaited the corrections of the master. In vain I ask myself if he can have left Brussels? if he be suffering? if I have displeased him? Whatever be the cause, truth were better than this intolerable suspense, and the truth I entreat from him, though it be conveyed but in a single word.—Oh, if you are vexed with me, what shall I say or do to make you forgive me? If I have seemed ungrateful to you, believe, monsieur, that appearances alone are against me, and that my heart is unconscious of a thought that might be construed into a sin against my benefactor.

"I fear that I do wrong to write to you, yet how can I help it? You will not be angry with me, will you, Monsieur Latour? You will pardon the trouble and annoyance that I occasion you, for I am so unhappy.

"MARGARET."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LITTLE SCENE OUT OF THE DRAMA.

SCENE—MARGARET'S *Studio. She is reading near the window, but lays aside the book when I enter, and seems both pleased and agitated.* CLEMENCE *is not present.*

PAUL (*advancing and taking her by the hand*). Well, Margaret, are you glad to see me?

MARG. Oh, very glad, Monsieur Latour! I—I thought you had forgotten me.

PAUL (*archly*). Forgotten you, eh? But I think you were determined not to be forgotten, little Marguerite!

MARG. (*blushing*). Do not speak of that, monsieur, I—I entreat you. I am—I am, indeed, quite ashamed that—

PAUL (*very earnestly and gravely*). That you should be sufficiently interested in one whom you call your "father's friend" to care to see him again! Is that it, Margaret, and did you really wish me to think you utterly impenetrable and hard-hearted?

MARG. Oh, not that! You—I am sure you know what I mean!

PAUL. I think I do, Margaret. Indeed, it is seldom that I am pained or perplexed by the ambiguity of words, for there is always more conveyed by the tone in which they are uttered and the glance by which they are accompanied. It is only the ambiguity of action that grieves and troubles me. Concealments, falsehoods, double dealings, preconcerted plans of deception, these are the things that cut me to the soul; and sooner than be subjected to them from the hands of those whom I trust and love, I would go away, like the Athenian Timon, and live in a desert!

MARG. Monsieur!

PAUL (*in an excited tone*). I never loved anything yet, that it did not bring me sorrow and suffering—never! And to think that you too, Margaret—you who are so young and so secluded—you whom I thought so innocent, so docile, so affectionate—to think that *you* should plot and plan against me, as if I were a blind puppet to be bandied about from hand to hand and thrown aside at last, if occasion warrant! It destroys my faith in human-kind!

MARG. (*turning very pale and striving to speak firmly*). You wrong me, sir. I am no hypocrite.

PAUL. No hypocrite! Why, did you not stand there and blush, and smile, and speak fair words just now, and do I not know how false your heart is to me all the while? Do you not weep tears of which I never know the cause? Receive gifts (*pointing to the ring upon her finger*) from lovers whose names I never learn? Make evening assignations in the park (*she starts*) with men of whom I have never heard? Hah? you are silent, Margaret—you tremble—you can say nothing!

MARG. (*with effort*). I *could* say much—but I dare not.

PAUL. What! do you fear me?

MARG. Indeed no—but—but—Alas! what would I not give now for liberty to speak!

PAUL. Then you confess that there is a secret?

MARG. (*hesitatingly*). Yes—there is a secret. You know there is, monsieur—why do you compel me to say so?

PAUL. And the ring?

MARG. (*bursting into tears and kissing it passionately*). The ring was my mother's—my dear mother's!

PAUL. Can this be true, Margaret? Why not have said that long ago, when I first asked you? How did you get it? How long has it been in your possession? Why ever have made a mystery about it?

MARG. Do not ask me—I cannot tell you more—I have said too much already; more than I promised!

PAUL. Tell me, at least who met you in the park?

MARGARET *looks down and shakes her head.*

PAUL (*trying to speak calmly and conciliatingly*). Listen to me, Margaret. I was in the park that night—in the next walk, and divided from you only by a hedge. I heard you speaking—speaking, I am convinced, of me. You agreed with your lover to deceive me. He called you his—his little Margaret. I heard all this.

MARG. (*anxiously*). No more than this?

PAUL. No more. Alas! you are relieved that I did hear no more! Do not seek to evade me farther—confide in me, Margaret—acknowledge this lover, and I will pardon all. Nay, I will serve you, I will serve him, I will do what a father would do (what your father would have done) to make your happiness! Speak!

MARG. (*weeping*). All that I can say is that I do not deserve your goodness? Only trust me for a little while—do not quite hate me: I am tied by—by a fatal promise, and I cannot speak! Only trust me, monsieur—only trust me!

PAUL. (*after a brief silence*). Well, I will trust you, Margaret: but beware, beware! Concealment is the cloak of Wrong, and your lover would scarcely impose this task of secrecy upon you, save for some deep and doubtful reason. I almost question whether I am fulfilling my duties in thus yielding and trusting to you—it should be my place to sift his character and his motives—but, let it be so, Margaret. Your face and voice have again overcome me. Promise me, at least, that you will take no decisive step—that—that you will not hear of marriage without—

MARG. (*smiling through her tears*). Be assured of that, monsieur. I shall certainly not elope with him, or—or marry—without *your* permission. (*Bell rings.*) Hark! that is madame's bell! The class is assembling, and I must go now.

PAUL. Trifler! that smile half reassures me. Must you go?

MARG. Directly, monsieur.

PAUL. *Au revoir*, then, Margaret!

MARG. *Au revoir!*

[*Exit different ways.*

CLOSE OF THE SCENE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SHADOWS DARKEN INTO FORM.

I was unwilling to go; but I went. The night was glorious—one of those dark, warm September nights, when the sky is thick with stars and there is no moon.

Long before I reached the house (for I should observe that my brother had engaged a furnished mansion for the season,) I found the street blocked up by vehicles, and bright with carriage-lamps. An awning reached from the door to the curb-stone—there were lights in every window—sounds of music dimly heard from without—passing shadows on the blinds—powdered servants in the hall, and pages in waiting stationed on the stairs announcing names and titles—statues, and figures of armed knights, and vases of rare flowers on the landings—stands of arms and trophies of broad antlers in the hall—vistas of brilliant rooms and galleries opening all around, and thronged with company.

It was the first time that I had crossed the threshold of my brother's house since his removal, and for a moment I stood still, gazing with surprise at the profuse elegance of all around me, and overpowered by that old feeling of nervous embarrassment which has been, through life, one of my most serious annoyances, and which is the usual penalty incurred by the student for the luxury of retirement. It was, however, too late to retreat—my name had already travelled before me, and as I reached the entrance to the first drawing-room, it was announced for the fourth time. At the extremity of the third apartment I found Adrienne, surrounded by a little court, receiving, conversing, resplendent with jewels and beauty, and looking like a queen, so lofty and so fair.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, my good brother," she said, with her bright smile, as I approached. "Take this seat beside mine, and let us talk together for awhile. It is long since we have met, and you look pale to-night. Not ill, I trust? Monsieur de Saint Saturnin, will you favor me by relinquishing this seat in favor of my husband's brother? A thousand thanks. You will pardon me for troubling you?"

Monsieur de Saint Saturnin, a redfaced youth, with an embroidered shirt front and a blue silk waistcoat, bowed, rose with an affectation of immense alacrity, and mingled with the crowd.

I took the vacant seat, and she continued:—

"It is really kind of you to come to-night, for I know that you take no pleasure in society. Have you seen Theophile? No? Why, he was here but a moment since, and— Ah! there he stands—almost under the central chandelier. He is conversing with two gentlemen—one, that is the one in black, is M. d'Ermenonville, professor of Oriental languages to the College Royal of St. Egbert; the other is General Smithson, an American celebrity. This little gentleman, with a diamond star upon his breast, is a Neapolitan Prince; and that handsome man, with the long hair, just passing by, is Felician David, the musician. I must endeavor to amuse you, and tell you who the people are, my brother.

"You are very good, madame."

"Do not call me madame, I entreat of you. Let me be your sister in name as well as in reality. Here we have a Russian grandee and his wife—what a regalia she wears; and that small, quick-featured man with the glasses, is Scribe, the dramatist. He is leaning on the arm of a man equally famous—perhaps you guess who he is by his complexion and African cast of features—Alexander Dumas. Do you know, my brother, a large assembly such as this reminds me of a menagerie."

"With a remarkable show of lions," I added.

"Ah," said she, with a half sigh, "is it to be compared with our summer picnic at the Fountain of Roses?"

At this moment there was an universal silence at the farther end of the apartment; a few plaintive notes were heard upon a piano; and the rich magical tones of a voice that sounded strangely familiar to my ears, began the opening movement of an Italian cavatina.

"Hush," said Adrienne, placing her finger on her lip. "Madame Vogelsang is about to sing."

"Madame Vogelsang, the actress?"

"Yes, we have engaged her for the evening, and Kiallmark as her accompanyist. Oh, listen—how delicious!"

It was odd how the very name and voice of that woman seemed to overshadow and depress me. I fell into a profound reverie, from which I was roused by the murmurs of applause, and by a hand laid suddenly upon my arm. It was Norman Seabrook.

"I have spoken to you twice, Paul," said he, "and have stood before your very face for three or four minutes, paying my respects to madame, and you never observed me. I was not aware that music produced such an effect upon you before. Did she not sing gloriously?"

"I must confess," I replied, smiling, "that I was lost in thought, and heard nothing of it whatever."

Adrienne was at this moment surrounded by her visitors, and busily engaged in conversation. I rose, passed my arm through Seabrook's and proposed to make the tour of the rooms in search of Theophile, with whom I had not yet spoken.

"Your brother," said he, "has an absolute genius for mustering his forces. He would make a great general. By the way, have you seen that pair of Vanderveldes which he bought the other day, or the silver shield chased by Benvenuto Cellini?"

"Neither."

"Nor the case of fosail zoophytes?"

"No!"

"Nor the Cabinet de Lecture?"

"I never even heard of all these things. What do you mean?"

"I mean that Monsieur Theophile possesses what you never will possess—a genius for society. He is desirous of filling his rooms with all available rank and talent, and he takes care to provide that which may render his house agreeable. Here are painting and articles of *virtu*, for the connoisseur; natural curiosities for the learned; books and engravings for those who like them; and the best music, the best society, and the best ices in Brussels for cash and for all."

"You amaze me, for Theophile himself is neither connoisseur, bookworm, or natural philosopher!"

"I did not say that he was; I only observed that he had a rare tact in society. There are people who refine upon this tact till it becomes a science."

At this moment our conversation was interrupted by a tall lady with a long waist, a long neck, and a long nose. She looked like a stork with a turban on, and had a young and somewhat pretty girl upon her arm.

"Ah, Mr. Seabrook," she said, languidly, "is it really you? One finds you everywhere. Emma, my precious love, you remember Mr. Seabrook?"

The young lady bowed, and her mamma continued.

"I think the occasion of our last meeting was at Cardinal Mezzotinto's, during the Roman carnival. You went as—as—let me see, as Robinson Crusoe—such an odd costume! Charming *soiree*, this. Quite new people, too. Provincial landowners from the wilds of Burgundy, I am given to understand. Really a well contrived evening. We came to-night with the Hospodar of Moldavia and his wife. Delightful family. Greek extraction. His highness is the most fascinating creature! So talented! So eccentric! Eats a pound of uncooked steak for his dinner every day, to keep up his stamina. But I am detaining you with my prattle, and you are, perhaps, engaged in conversation with your friend. Addio! My darling angel, wish Mr. Seabrook good evening?"

"What a terrible woman!" I exclaimed, when we were out of hearing.

"Terrible species, but common," replied Seabrook, laconically. "*Order*—Aristocratic. *Generic character*—Detestable. *Locality*—Unexceptionable. *Habits*—Gregarious. *Family*—The Bores."

"I am glad, at all events," I said, laughing, "to find that the species is not dangerous."

"Not dangerous, my dear fellow! On the contrary, it belongs to a genus of the most unparalleled ferocity; especially when providing for its young. The *heir*, indeed, is its natural prey. Stay, here is a man I know, who fancies himself a poet of the highest order. Quite a character. He once held a capital situation in the Foreign Office; but found it too prosaic for what he calls his 'wild poetic nature,' and so relinquished it. I fear that his circumstances are wretched now, poor fellow! How are you, Mr. Staines? Been long in Brussels?"

"Scarce three sad sultry days, my worthy friend," replied the poet, who wore blue glasses and long hair, and who, as I presently discovered, spoke always in blank verse.

"Rather a brilliant party here, is it not?" asked Seabrook, with an air of determined common-place cheerfulness.

"These glitt'ring halls are lit for me in vain," rejoined the other, misanthropically. "To ears in love with cataract and storm; to eyes that gaze unshrinkingly on fate; to souls uplifted o'er the flat insane, cleaving the realms of thought and poet-lore, all revelry is stale—all music, harsh!"

"Just so, just so," said my companion, smiling. "I see that we are of the same opinion. A glass of brandy and water and a good cigar at a friend's fireside is worth all this sort of display. Exactly my own idea, Staines. *Au revoir!*"

The poet looked after us with a lofty pity that was utterly ludicrous; and we made our way, as well as we could, through the crowd which was momentarily increasing, towards the reading-room—or, as Theophile had chosen to designate it, the Cabinet de Lecture.

It was a pretty little Gothic room, lined with book-shelves, and furnished with costly volumes; but was, if possible, even more crowded than the larger apartments. The heat, too, was intolerable.

"*Diable!*" exclaimed Seabrook, "we shall die here if we remain long, *amico mio!* Suppose we go and have a peep at the conservatory. I have not yet seen it, and your brother told me yesterday that the fittings, flowers, and tropical plants had cost a little fortune. *Allons!*"

This was more easily said than done. The Cabinet de Lecture was situated at the extremity of the fourth and last reception-room, and the conservatory at the end of the entrance-hall down-stairs. We had consequently to thread our way back throughout the entire suite, and as the apartments were now quite filled, the task was by no means one of great facility. It gave us, however, a better opportunity of observing the general features of the entertainment.

Many of the guests were English; but the greater number belonged to the Continental nations. Now we pass a knot of Parisian wits and dramatists—now a group of artists discussing the merits of the Vanderveldes—now a clique of politicians occupied with the last new ministry. Here the swarthy features of an Ottoman dignitary, surmounted by the scarlet fez, contrast with the delicate beauty of some reigning belle, who glides along with her train of admirers around her. There we see a handsome and popular ecclesiastic discoursing honeyed righteousness to a circle of admiring ladies. Now and then we light upon some tender couple whispering together in the embrasure of a curtained window, and everywhere we are amused by the scraps of conversation that meet our ears in passing.

"A terrible state of affairs, I assure you! The quotation of gold is now lower than it has been in the memory of any man living—population increases—the value of labor diminishes—our commerce is on the decline—our coasts unprotected—our navy and army almost disorganized—in short, sir, the country is going to ruin, and I see no hope for the government or the people, unless the military are immediately reinforced and—"

"Stewed down with port wine and sugar. It is the finest thing in the world. I have tried it myself for the last four years, and find it an unfailing remedy."

"And did you really come on purpose to see me, Charles?"

"You, and you only, my angel? You know that I live but in your smiles, and that your glance alone has power to reduce me to—"

"A heavy oily liquid, obtained from a double sulphocarbonate of ethyle and potash, acted upon by diluted sulphuric or hydrochloric acid. Indeed, a most interesting experiment."

"Possibly so, but I acknowledge that the present cabinet inspires me with little confidence. Russell is too indolent for the duties of Premier, and Palmerston—"

"Has the loveliest legs and ankles you ever beheld! They skim along the stage, my boy, like—like—"

"The *Ficus Indica*, or banyan tree; abounding chiefly in the vicinity of the Circar mountains. It covers with its trunks a sufficient space to shelter a regiment of cavalry, and looks, when one is in the midst of it, like a thick grove or wood. You find the best account in Rumff's Herbarium Amboinense."

Through this Babel we gradually worked our way, exchanging a gesture of recognition with Adrienne as we passed by, and receiving an elaborate salutation from Polydore Emmanuel Hippolyte, Marquis de Courtrai, whose appearance did honor to the consummate skill of his valet, his tailor, his jeweler, and his wig-maker. He formed one of a phalanx of contemporary exquisites as boyish and fascinating as himself, all of whom were so resplendent with crosses, cordons, and stars, as to elicit from Seabrook a doubt as to whether the Milky Way had not unexpectedly dropped in.

At length we reached the stairs (up which the fresh arrivals were still pouring, although it was now within half an hour of midnight), and in a few moments more were threading the cool dark passage leading from the entrance hall to the conservatories. This passage was quite deserted—the hum and movement of the world beyond became hushed, and involuntarily we dropped our voices to a whisper. Then we passed through a doorway of painted glass that opened without a sound, and entered the warm and heavy atmosphere respired by the cactus and the palm. The roof was garlanded with creeping plants whose large pendulous blossoms, like fairy pavilions, white, amber, and lilac, hung low above our heads. Fragrant magnolias, orange-trees with their round yellow fruits, delicate orchids, and all rare exotic plants, were marshalled on every side. Deep tanks of tepid water, gleaming with gold and silver fish and supporting the languid leaves and flowers of strange aquatic vegetation, were sunk at either extremity; and marble statues of stern and rigid beauty, holding amethyst-hued lamps in their cold grasp, stood here and there, lighting the silent scene with a subdued and uncertain lustre. High and fantastic, like the grand, shadowy superstitions of an Orient clime, rose in the midst the luxuriant nature of the tropics—the bamboo; the bread-tree, with its dark shining leaves and amber fruit; the sandal wood tree; the gigantic rhododendron, laden with white blossoms; the slender sugar cane; the lofty cocoa tree; the graceful palm; the royal cactus.

All was silent, strange, oppressive. Our very footsteps gave no echo on the soft matting where they rested.

Quite silently we passed from end to end, indulging our own thoughts. Then we reached the curtained arch that led to the next division of the conservatories. It had always been Theophile's taste, as well as mine, to substitute draperies for doors wherever it might be practicable. I did it in my own rooms at home, and here it seemed more than ever Eastern and appropriate.

I looked at my friend, as if asking silently whether he would go on. He nodded. My hand was already on the damask folds, when I drew back suddenly.

"Hush!" I said, in a low whisper. "I hear voices within!"

He smiled.

"Some lovers, perhaps," he returned, in the same tone. "Let us go back. It would be a pity to interrupt them!"

And he passed his arm through mine. But there was some fascination in the faint tones

which I had heard—some indefinable fascination which ran through me like an electric touch and chained my feet to the spot.

"Come away," said Seabrook, impatiently; "or I go without you. I have no wish to play the eavesdropper."

"Go, then," I rejoined, hoarsely. "Go, I must remain here."

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Listen!"

The voices were dulled by the heavy damask intervening, yet not so dulled but that the words came through distinctly.

"All men are flatterers, and I believe none of them—not even you, monsieur, despite that imploring look! Have you not a wife whom you adore?"

"If I have a wife, it does not follow that I adore her! We men marry for wealth and position, but we reserve our hearts for beauty. Your logic is not sound, charming Therese!"

"Madame is beautiful. What woman could be more so?"

"Yourself! Nay, I swear by those glorious eyes that you are a million times more lovely than the fair, soulless doll whom I call wife! Compare yourself with her, Syren, and confess that it is so!"

"I will confess nothing."

"—Except that you love me!"

"Vain man!"

"Not vain, for I deserve all that you can give in return for my devotion. Am I not your slave, literally your slave? Is there anything which you could ask and *I* refuse? Is it not my pride to deck you with jewels that a queen might envy—with shawls that a caliph would not disdain? Is not my wealth, my heart, my life, at your disposal?"

"And you really love me?"

"I never loved till now!"

"Then I suppose I must believe you. But I have not yet thanked you for the gift you sent me yesterday. It was so splendid, and chosen with such exquisite taste. I do not know that I have ever seen a vehicle so elegant!"

"I hope to see you drive past my house in it; it will then look ten times more elegant!"

"Not with my horses! They are too large for such a fairy chariot. How exquisitely a pair of cream colored ponies would become it!"

"You shall have them to-morrow."

"No, no. I will not suffer you to—"

"I shall send them to you, and you will accept them. Promise me that you will accept them!"

"I can refuse you nothing!"

"Loveliest, queenliest of women! Say that word once again—just once! Oh, Therese!—Therese! thy beauty intoxicates me!"

My hand was on the curtain, but Seabrook grasped me by the wrist and forcibly detained me.

"Let me go," I said, in a voice which, although low and suppressed, trembled with deep passion. "Let me go."

"Madman! what would you do?"

"Confront them!"

"To what end? To make an enemy of your brother—to exclude yourself from his house—to place an insuperable barrier between yourself and every means of useful action that intimacy and observation might afford you? Desist. You know not yet what you may be enabled to do. The first person to be remembered is his wife. She must not know this!"

"Poor Adrienne!"

"Come away, come away. We can best serve her by remaining calm and keeping our heads clear. Come away from this place."

The recollection of Adrienne had subdued me, and I submitted like a child to the influence of his graver and more temperate judgment. The fresher air of the outer passage seemed to cool the fever in my blood. We passed hastily through the crowded hall, past the long lines of carriages, and out into the quiet streets where not a footstep echoed on the lonely pavement, and where the innocent stars were still shining out of the depths of upper sky—

Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

This, then, was the secret of that long aversion, hitherto so inexplicable to myself!—that aversion dating from the first moment that I had seen her upon the stage at Frankfurt—which I had felt so strong within me when I encountered her on the railway as I returned from Antwerp—which had affected me so powerfully but a few nights since in the opera-house of Brussels! Mysterious promptings of the heart—inexplicable repulsions and affinities! who shall pretend to deny or defend them!

Oh, my brother, my brother, that thou shouldst do such evil!

Absorbed in these thoughts, and wholly occupied by my own distress of mind, I had taken no heed of external circumstances, and I started when Seabrook pressed my arm suddenly, and pointing to a shadowy form gliding along by the houses at the opposite side of the street, said in a quick whisper:—

"Do you see that man yonder? He has dogged our steps ever since we left your brother's house."

"Pshaw! you fancy it. What could be his motive? We are two to one."

"I know nothing but the fact. See! if he approaches a lamp, how he turns aside to avoid the light!"

My curiosity became roused. We quickened our steps—we loitered—we made unnecessary detours. Still his pace altered with ours, and followed us wherever we went. We were watched, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Suddenly we changed our tactics, faced round, and stood still. The spy stood still likewise.

Seabrook laughed and rubbed his hands gleefully. The affair, in his eyes, had already assumed the character of an adventure.

"Let us turn the tables," he whispered, "and follow him!"

We accordingly advanced rapidly towards our pursuer. Seen dimly in the angle where he stood, he seemed to pause irresolutely for a moment—even to take one forward step, as if with the intention of meeting us—then turned and walked very swiftly down the street.

It was our place to follow now, and this we did with so much determination, that the walk merged presently into a run, and away we went through the dark, silent thoroughfare, pursuers and pursued, as fast as our flying feet would carry us.

Up one street, down another, across the market-place, in and out a labyrinth of narrow winding alleys and crooked passages; it was evident that he knew the intricacies of the old town by heart. Presently my breath began to fail, and my head to grow giddy. I staggered—I stopped suddenly—I could go no farther.

"Keep on, Seabrook," I gasped, leaning back heavily in the shelter of a doorway.—"Keep on. I will wait here for you."

Agile and unwearied as a greyhound, he sprang forward even more rapidly than before. In a few moments, however, he returned reluctantly and slowly. The brief delay occasioned by my stoppage had favored the escape of the spy. When Seabrook turned the corner he was already out of sight; and beyond this point several streets and courts branched off, amidst which it would have been useless to pursue the search.

The game, for once, had outsped the huntsmen, and we were left to find our way back to the upper town as best we might, wearied out with the chase, and marvelling together over the events of the evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 3, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid in *advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne. Author of "Letters from Paris."	Florence Percy.
Author of "The Scout."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

ALISON ANALYZED.

Some baleful star, as an astrologer would say, rules the ascendant this year in the House of Life of our men of letters generally, not omitting the historians. After these latter, the critics are out—"with a sharp stick," as the boys say. Froude, it is true, carries in his breast the amulet of immortality, but that did not prevent the *Edinburgh Review* from waylaying him, apropos of his new idea of the reign of the Eighth Henry. But—

"Who writes by fate the critics cannot kill,
Nor all the assassins of the great Review—"

as Ellery Channing tells us; and Froude, we suspect, writes by fate. At any rate he beat off the Edinburgh Reviewer handsomely, in an article over his own name in *Fraser's Magazine*. But Lord Macaulay, whose day of reckoning came next, was not so fortunate, because not so righteous. Used up to the satisfaction of Great Britain and our own country, in the William Penn affair, the Noble Lord has since been called upon to suffer a terrific series of excoriations, still in process, through the columns of *Blackwood*, and the critic has it all his own way. Next came Buckle's turn. The rear of his rifled ordnance was loud above the musketry of his petty critics, till, in a rash hour, he turned his red artillery on the legal castle of Mr. Chief Justice Coleridge, who, he alleged, had persecuted a poor wretch named Thomas Pooley by confining him in prison on a proven charge of blasphemy. This brought into the field the son of the Chief Justice, and the result left Buckle with spiked guns. And now in this month's *Fraser*, it is a Baronet and a Baronet's work—it is Sir Archibald Alison, and Sir Archibald Alison's History of Europe, on which the reviewer springs, like a spirit of vengeance. Of course, one might expect that the highly respectable, highly conservative, highly High Tory Sir Archibald Alison would be fair game to the knot of wits and scholars, friends of progress and liberals of all shades, who muster round the banner of *Fraser*. And, as this instance proves, fair game he is accordingly.

The article under notice is a most amusing onslaught upon Alison's History, taking the form of a critical examination of its statements with the view of exposing the numerous blunders, the ignorance, and the various sins of omission and commission contained therein. The deficiencies of knowledge in French, in Italian, in German, in Latin, in Architecture, Painting, Fortification, Geology, Geography, Literature in its various branches, and all sorts of Arts and Sciences, are shown up with relentless frankness. It is only fair to Alison, however, to say, that any criticism conceived in this spirit, and setting out with a case to prove, and the deliberate intention to prove it, should be taken by the reader *cum grano salis*—with a grain of salt—or, it may be, with a ton. It is also due to the historian to say, that few works, if any, of so great magnitude as his, can be accomplished without some admixture of error. In this case, though the critic does certainly establish his general charges, there are manifestly a few instances in which he takes a mere clumsiness of statement as a basis for an accusation of inconsistency, or strains the text to make it seem blundering, or imputes absolute ignorance where there is only carelessness or error. Thus, for example, the substitution of an *a* for an *e* in the spelling of a French word, and the dropping of the second *n* in the proper name "Lamennais," become grounds for accusing Alison of superficiality in his knowledge of the French language. Either of these instances *may* be mere typographical errors. So again the misspelling and confusion of the Christian names of the brothers Thierry do not necessarily, as the critic thinks, evince ignorance, but only carelessness. If these spellings and misplacements occurred *uniformly*, there would be better reason for the imputation of ignorance, but this the critic does not pretend. In fact there is some portion of illusion in our clever critic's strictures, which seem very just, but are not always, when minutely examined, as just as they seem. Another consideration is, that the ignorance and blundering alleged, though they look very formidable when compactly collected into a magazine article, may be very inconsiderable when distributed over the eight huge volumes of the History, where they may be out of all proportion small to the mass of (possibly) accurate statement.

It is the day of epigrams, and we still wait for the reign of justice. "Reviews," says Ruskin, "only mislead." We will not join him in the "only," though his judgment has a general truth in it. Still, when all abatement is made, the critic in *Fraser* does diminish materially the pretensions of Alison's History, and this not so much by the quantity of the omissions and blunders cited, as by their quality. Think, for example, of Alison in his account of German literature, after dwelling rapturously on the tallow-candle glimmerings of obscure authors like Grillparzer and Hacklander actually omitting to mention such great fixed stars as Novalis, Fouqué, Neander, Hegel, Humboldt and Heine! In another place he tells us that Goethe "not only disbelieved in Christianity, but had a fixed aversion to its precepts and its very name," which is very doubtful. The German Tieck, he says again, is the first author who introduced animals into story as speaking, though in the anterior German literature there is the tale of "Reynard the Fox," in which the animals talk, as also in the old ballads of the Minnesingers—to say nothing of Esop's fables, which most schoolboys, we should think, had heard of. His blunders in geography are positively monstrous, and in geology equally so, as, for instance, when he says that the river Volga runs to Constantinople, when, in fact, it empties into the Caspian Sea, six or seven hundred miles distant, or when he puts Sinai in Syria, instead of in Arabia; or when he asserts that in Russia there are no minerals or coal, though coal, gold, iron, salt, platinum, &c., are found there in abundance. Perhaps the crowning stroke of all is in the characteristic and very High-Tory assertion that "the full development of popular institutions is unfavorable to poetry," which Alison "proves" by referring to the French, who, he says, have produced only two poets of note since 1815. One of these is Beranger, the other Delille (another blunder, since Delille died in 1813, and therefore belongs to a former epoch!) But Alison forgets to remember Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, Delavigne, and De Vigny, all of whom are French poets of note, the first three especially. He forgets, too, the splendid line of Greek tragedians dating from democratic Athens, not to mention the poets of the present era. Certainly, "popular institutions" do not seem to have had a blighting influence on the American Parnassus, at any rate, nor on the British either. We have bards enough, both great and small, together with those who are "tolerable and not to be endured!"

These are but a few of the miscellaneous host of the Alisonian illiteracies and blunders, cited by the vengeful critic of *Fraser*. No one not hopelessly biased by party predilections ever had any respect for Alison's critical estimates or judgments on any subject; but these things affect even his reputation for accuracy as a mere annalist. To the title of historian, he has never had, in any lofty sense, a good claim. The chief merit of his work lies in the outlines of political history it affords, which are drawn from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, and similar sources, and which have a certain value, when due allowance is made for the blind and obstinate High Tory prejudices of their author. Besides this, and the added merit of its giving a general bird's-eye view of modern European history, his work has no value worth mentioning.

ENAMELED HOLLOW WARE.

It is pleasant to know that the manufacturers of this country are constantly gaining upon their English and other rivals, and gradually displacing the foreign article by that of native production. We remember, for instance, when scarcely a single wood screw was manufactured on this side of the Atlantic; now, we believe, they are nearly all manufactured here. So with that useful article of common use, Hollow Ware; a few years ago, almost everything of the pot and kettle kind was imported, now all kinds of Hollow Ware, both tinned and enameled, are made in perhaps greater perfection here than abroad.

The principal establishment for the manufacture of Hollow Ware, is that of Messrs. STUART & PETERSON, of this city. In fact, we believe that this is about the only establishment in the whole country, where a really beautiful and enduring article of enameled Hollow Ware is made. Both for tinning and enameling, this firm have peculiar processes, which give them a great advantage over all competitors.

We may add that the quantity of iron yearly used at the establishment of Messrs. STUART & PETERSON is about 3,800 tons, costing over $90,000 a year. This, however, is not all put into Hollow Ware. Of the 100,000 stoves annually manufactured in Philadelphia, this firm alone manufactures about 500 a week, or 27,000 a year.

SEWING MACHINES.

Several years ago, as our readers perhaps may remember, we published an article in these columns relative to Sewing Machines. Sewing Machines, at that time, were a new invention, and the country generally was anxious to know whether they were all that they claimed to be, or were a mere "catch-penny"—or rather catch-*dollar*—destined to aid in plundering the pockets of the credulous, and then to pass away like so many other vaunted inventions had passed away before them. Well, time—the great test between the genuine and the spurious—has fully established the value of the Sewing Machine. With some defects and inconveniences, it has already proved itself a great benefactor of the race. To the women of the land especially, has it been a wonderful helper in a department of labor where help was most needed. It would be a difficult matter to overstate the good it has already done.

The particular machine of whose merits we have been a witness, was one manufactured by Messrs. Grover & Baker. Without decrying other machines, we may say that to those made under this patent must be awarded a prominent position in the front rank. As originally constructed, the Grover & Baker machine has not failed to do what those who made and sold it had promised. But in Sewing Machines, as in other kinds of machinery, improvement is the result of experience; and our especial object in this article, is to call the attention of our readers to the improvements that have been made in the old-fashioned Grover & Baker machine. We may premise, in passing, that the old fashioned machine is still the best that can be procured for heavy sewing, such as that done by Tailors, &c. But for families, it was seen that something less cumbrous in character, and still more rapid in execution, could be devised. As the result of this thought, we have the Improved Machines. These are inclosed in pretty Mahogany or Walnut cases, which render them more of an ornament to the sitting-room, while useful, as more effectually guarding the machinery from the dust, accidents, &c. A set of small drawers in one side of the case, also is found very convenient in holding matters appertaining to the machine, and to the sewing to be done upon it. The other advantages of the new machines may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. They make very little noise—not sufficient to interfere with conversation—a very important matter, of course, to the ladies.

2. They work with much greater rapidity—which also is a great gain.

3. The treadle can be worked with both feet, and moves much more easily than the old one, causing the operator very little, if any fatigue.

The *ne plus ultra* of the Sewing Machine would seem to be reached by these improvements. And we would advise those of our readers who contemplate an investment in this invaluable article, to at least examine the Improved Family Machines of the Grover & Baker Manufacturing Company, before purchasing elsewhere. In fact, if they save themselves all the trouble of an examination, and buy one of the kind mentioned at once, they will not probably be any losers by it. For some lady friends of ours gave the many various kinds a thorough examination not very long since—having no prejudices or partialities one way or the other—and finally purchased one of the kind alluded to.

TASTES DIFFER.—The editor of the Cleveland Herald has lately visited this section of the country, and in a letter published in his paper he says:—

"Approaching Philadelphia the eye is pained by the universal whiteness of the farm-houses and buildings. As far as the eye can stretch is the country dotted with white spots—houses and barns—as if a huge white-washer, with seven-leagued boots, had stalked over the country, and put on his intensely whitewash in *dabs*; and then the white fences, as if every now and then he had let his brush *drain* as he walked along, *drizzling* long lines of whiteness. It is wearisome and unpleasant to see so much white."

Tastes differ. The true rule, we think, by which to regulate the color of country buildings, &c., is to proportion the lightness of the color to the amount of shade. Thus whitened buildings and fences, which appear glaring and inharmonious when standing fully exposed to the sun, have a very cheerful and beautiful appearance, when only glimpses of them can be caught through the surrounding greenery of trees and vines and shrubs. A building standing in ungrown grounds, should be colored a gray, or cream, or other neutral color, pleasant in itself to the eye. But the same color which may be proper at first, may appear too dark and sombre in the course of years, when trees and shrubbery are well grown. Therefore, if beauty and not expense is to be consulted, the color of a dwelling should always be lightened as the shade increases around it. As to the practice of whitewashing in the counties adjacent to Philadelphia, we hold it, in accordance with the above view, to be a good or bad one, in proportion to the number of trees, &c., around the buildings. It is a very easy matter to color the wash for houses and fences a little, where the trees and shrubs are few.

"OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES."—In reading the first number of this interesting series, in our present paper, the reader must bear in mind the differences of value, in one respect, between England and the United States. The rent that the ladies referred to paid, was £74, or about $335. But, owing to the prevailing low rates of interest in England, rents are only about half as high as in the United States. For instance, the above place, renting for $335, would on this side of the Atlantic, probably have rented for from $600 to $700. In other words, it was a place, we infer, the value of which at private sale would be about $10,000 to $12,000. Americans who remove to England, are always particularly pleased with two things—the very low rents, and the excellence of the servants.

CARLYLE AT FAULT.—Thomas Carlyle, the celebrated author, recently wrote a letter to Mr. Allibone, of this city, respecting his famous Dictionary of Literature, now being published by *Messrs. Childs & Peterson*, in which the following passage occurs:—

"I can truly say the labor you have gone into, (which appears to be faithfully done, wherever I can judge of it,) fills me with astonishment; and is, indeed, of an amount almost frightful to think of. There seems to be no doubt the book will be welcome to innumerable reading beings, and tell them much that they wish to know; to me the one fault was, that, like the Apostle Paul's sheet of beasts, it took in 'the clean and unclean,' and thereby became of such unmanageable bulk, to say no more. Readers are not aware of the fact, but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers, that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call 'sheep and goats,' the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge: and tending every goat of them at all moments, whither we know; and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored by all sane creatures! This is candidly my verdict; and I regret to think you cannot well like it; nor, as you perceive, had I any wish to produce it till summoned."

People are wondering where Mr. Carlyle finds his account of the "Apostle *Paul's* sheet of beasts"—probably he has in his haste, confounded Paul with Peter. As to what he says relative to reading, and to the dividing of books into the two great classes of "sheep and goats," it is so very excellent in itself, that we may overlook the fact that it has not the least bearing upon Mr. Allibone's work. A *Dictionary* of Literature, designed principally as a book of reference, would be amusingly incomplete if it omitted the "goats" among the authors. A Dictionary of words might as well be asked to omit the "goats" among the words.

J. B., Jr. It is often not easy to settle who are the most prominent characters connected with an important historical event. The real originators of actions often do not appear on the surface at all. Therefore it is no wonder that the opinions of historians should differ as to many questions like the one you mention. It might take a week's investigation on our part, to decide between the authorities—and if we took a week to answer your question, we should have but little time left for more important matters.

PROBLEMS. Mr. Artemas Martin, a frequent contributor to the Riddler, writes us as follows:—"I have recently received several communications asking solutions to my Problems, published in THE POST, only one of which letters contained a stamp to prepay postage on the reply. Now, I think it ought not to be expected that I can furnish solutions gratis, and pay the postage on them too. Hereafter, all such requests must be accompanied by a *ten cent stamp*, or its equivalent; otherwise, they will not be complied with. If you will publish this, or part of it, in your next issue, in the column of Questions, Answers, &c., you will much oblige me."

We think Mr. Martin's letter a very sensible one. He should not be expected to go to the trouble of writing out his solutions, and pay postage into the bargain. We may add, that the writers of problems should always affix their *full* name and address, so that those interested in them, can write for solutions if they so desire. We cannot publish solutions in THE POST, our space being too valuable. Neither should we be written to in general cases relative to the solutions—the authors, as we have said, should be written to.

G. W. B. We have already said that we know nothing of the "Association" you refer to. We would advise you to consult a physician of standing and character in your own neighborhood.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NO PROGRESS AT ZURICH—COTTON, BREADSTUFFS AND PROVISIONS DULL—PLOT TO WHISTLE AT LOUIS NAPOLEON, &c.

The City of Washington and the Indian bring news to the 18th—five days later.

Up to the 18th ult., the Zurich Conference had made no progress in arranging definite terms of peace—and the same uncertainty prevailed regarding their final success.

The Liverpool Cotton, Breadstuffs and Provision markets were all dull, and have a declining tendency.

The trial trip of the steamer Great Eastern has been postponed until the 15th of September.

The Duke of Tuscany had arrived at Paris, and met a friendly reception from the Emperor Napoleon.

All the warnings previously issued to the French newspapers have been withdrawn.

A great fire had occurred in Liverpool, destroying a large quantity of cotton and grain.

The military fete at Paris, on the entre of Napoleon, proved to be a very grand affair. The troops were headed by the Emperor, and the display made was most imposing.

The Emperor has granted full amnesty to all political offenders.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News asserts that the Zurich Conference is at a dead lock.

ITALY.—The rumored Red Republican movement in Parma is contradicted.

The ministerial journal of Vienna insists very strongly on the stipulations at Villa Franca being carried out at Paris.

The Emperor Napoleon exhibited symptoms of annoyance at the conduct of the Court of Vienna, and recent articles in the Paris journals in praise of Kossuth and Garibaldi are attributed to this feeling.

The grand military spectacle which had been prohibited in the Paris theatres, out of consideration of Austria, has been permitted to reappear.

A great number of arrests had taken place at Paris. A scheme to annoy the Emperor at the military fete, by means of penny whistles, projected by the workmen of the Faubourg St. Antoine, had been discovered in time to prevent it. The sudden love of harmonious strains (as indicated by the astonishing sale of whistles,) was thought to look queer, and so on examination the cause was found, and many of the merry wags were sent to pay for their whistles in prison.

For the last three months the press in Turin has been under the same *regime* as that of France. By a special decree the Sardinian press law has been extended to Lombardy.

The news from Cochin China is very unfavorable to the French, who have suffered severely from the climate, and were in want of reinforcements. The Annamese had even attacked the French intrenchments, and they killed 40 men and 1 officer before they were repulsed. The latest accounts stated that they were desirous of treating for peace.

RUSSIA.—The Russian Government has begun the construction of the telegraph line, which is to run from Moscow right across the north of Asia to the mouth of the Amoor, on the Pacific Ocean. The whole length will exceed 2,600 leagues.

A project has been drawn up for continuing the line to the coast of America, which would afford great facilities for laying the cable to connect the two continents.

The Paris *Constitutionel*, in an article on the French army, conveys a threat, considered to be aimed at England. The writer says that, when once there shall have been completed the service of the maritime transports, which permit the sudden and unexpected throwing up of a corps d'armee on the enemy's shore, the enemies of France, or those who are jealous of her, will think twice before provoking her. The article is generally blamed in Paris.

The English Parliament was prorogued on the 13th.

The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's speech. She regrets that the interruptions during the session have prevented many important measures from being carried, and hopes for their early consideration at the next session. The war in Italy having been concluded, England had been invited to take part in the Conference of the great Powers, should one be held, but had not sufficient information on this subject to admit of a definite reply. She would rejoice at being able to contribute to arrangements to serve a lasting peace. She hopes that the direct communication with Pekin will prove beneficial. She hopes for a continuance of the existing amicable relations with all Powers, and rejoices at the complete suppression of the Indian rebellion. She promises her serious attention to the internal improvement of India. She gladly assented to the bills providing for the naval and military reserves, and regarded permanent national defence as of paramount importance. The remainder of the speech is congratulatory on the prosperity of the nation.

The steamship Great Eastern was formally advertised to leave for Portland early in the month of September.

It was reported that the foreign ambassadors to France would refuse to attend the Paris fetes, if the colors taken from the enemy were allowed to be carried in the procession.

The King of Prussia was not expected to live much longer.

Spain had resolved to increase her fortifications in Cuba.

There was a vague rumor that Prince Napoleon was to be made Sovereign of Tuscany.

The collision between the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, at Frankfort, was serious, but it was believed no lives were lost.

The Bank of France had gained sixty-seven and a half million francs during the month of July.

ANECDOTES OF SPURGEON.—The London Times, of *Aug.* 9, has the following:—

"Mr. Spurgeon, in preaching at Norwich, last week, indulged in some of his characteristic humor. 'Content,' he said, 'made our cup run over, while discontent knocked the bottom out.' The story which had recently appeared in the papers about his having a large fortune left him was a complete hoax; if he were to have a guinea for every falsehood told about him, he could build his great chapel very soon, and probably have enough left for a cathedral or two. * * Christian men sometimes fell terribly foul of each other, like the two English ships which broadsided each other for two hours in a mist, without knowing that the British flag was flying at their mastheads. The lazy man was one of the biggest sinners on earth; if he did nothing else, he broke one of God's greatest commandments. There was a very strict Sabbatarian gardener, who was very hard upon his master about the observance of the Sabbath. His master said to him, 'Why, you break the commandments yourself!' 'How?' said the gardener, 'I don't work on Sunday.' 'No,' quoth the master, 'nor on any other day. Just repeat the commandment.' The gardener obeyed, and when he came to 'six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do,' his master said, 'There, stop there; that is as much a part of the commandment as that "the seventh day is the Sabbath."' * * * The stickling for sectarian distinctions was as absurd as if a hungry man, about to eat some bread, were told by a Churchman 'No bread like the tin loaf;' or by a Methodist, 'You must eat twists.' The hungry man would say, 'give me some bread, and it will settle the shape afterward.' It jars, somehow, upon the feelings to see the copious reports which the country papers give of Mr. Spurgeon's 'sermons,' curiously interlarded with 'laughter.'"

FROM CALIFORNIA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.—The Northern Light left Aspinwall on the 20th. The political contest in California is marked with the bitterest personalities between Gwin, Broderick, &c. It is probable that the Republicans and Anti-Lecomptonites will coalesce and vote for one set of candidates.

In Oregon the Democrats claim the election of Stout by nine votes; the Republicans of Logan by a small majority, rejecting votes that they assert were illegal. Whichever gets the certificate, the other will probably contest it before the House of Representatives.

In Washington Territory, Steven, (Reg. Dem.) is elected by about 600 majority. General Harney has ordered a detachment of U. S. troops to take possession of the Island of San Juan, and establish there a military post. The right of ownership to this and other islands is in dispute between the English and American governments. Gen. Harney, it is to be presumed, acts under instructions from the Administration, and, as British interests have, within a year, acquired much importance in that quarter, it is not unlikely that trouble will grow out of the affair.

On Sunday evening there was a most magnificent display of aurora borealis in this part of the country. So fine a show has not been seen in the firmament, from this point of observation, for many a year.

$250,000 is said to have been taken out of the graves at Chiriqui.

THE Vanderbilt took out seven horses for the Emperor Napoleon, valued at $8000.

THE Hon. Franklin Pierce arrived at Boston, from Europe, with his wife, on board the America, on Friday night.

TICKETS were being issued at Liverpool for passage in the Great Eastern, to Portland, Me., and back, for the sum of forty-two pounds. The passengers are allowed to live on board the ship during the stay at Portland, which it is supposed will be about two months. The Bostonians are making efforts to have her also visit Boston.

THE NEW YORK STYLE.

When some wicked Apache, in frenzy of rum,
Has murdered a squaw or a brave,
He blacks his red face, gives up food, and keeps dumb,
Smokes his pipe, and prepares for the *grave*.
But your civilized murderer shoots you at sight,
Sends his discounted note to a shaver;
Fees his counsel—takes drinks with policemen, "all right!"
Lays a box of cigars in—yawns, calls for a light,
And prepares for *Frank Leslie's engraver!*

Sunday Times.

☞ THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.—This celebrated House, which has lately received such a severe shaking, is about to change its name. So subject has it been to crosses and reverses lately—so much so that its foundation is by no means so sound as it used to be—that for the future it is to be called "THE HOUSE OF MISFARTUNE."—*Punch.*

☞ The attractiveness of a subject mainly depends on the nature of the brain behind the eyes which look at it.

☞ THE MODERN "STAR CHAMBER."—The Earl of Rosse's Telescope.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

When a man misbehaves, the effect is curious on a girl who loves him sincerely. It makes her pity him. This, to some of us males, seems anything but logical. The fault is in our own eye, the logic is too swift for us. The girl argues thus: "How unhappy, how vexed, poor * * * must be; *him* to misbehave!"

Margaret was full of this sweet womanly pity, when, to her great surprise, scarce an hour and a half after he left her, Gerard came running back to her with the fragments of a picture in his hand, and panting with anger and grief.

"There, Margaret! see! see! the wretches! Look at their spite! They have cut your portrait to pieces."

Margaret looked. And, sure enough, some malicious hand had cut her portrait into five pieces. She was a good girl; but she was not ice; she turned red to her very forehead.

"Who did it?"

"Nay, I know it. I dared not ask; for I should hate the hand that did it, ay, till my dying day. My poor Margaret! The beasts! the ruffians! Six months' work cut out of my life, and nothing to show for it now. See, they have hacked through your very face—the sweet face that every one loves who knows it.—Oh, heartless, merciless vipers!"

"Never mind, Gerard," said Margaret, panting. "Since this is how they treat you for my sake—you rob him of my portrait, do you! Well, then I give him the original."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Yes, Gerard; since they are so cruel, I will be the kinder; forgive me for refusing you. I will be your wife—to-morrow, if it is your pleasure."

CHAPTER XIV.

The bans of marriage had to be read three times, as with us; but they were read on weekdays, and the young couple easily persuaded the cure to do the three readings in twenty-four hours; he was new to the place, and their looks spoke volumes in their favor. They were cried on Monday at matins and at vespers; and, to their great delight, nobody from Tergou was in the church. The next morning they were both there, palpitating with anxiety, when, to their horror, a stranger stood up and forbade the bans, on the score that the parties were not of age, and their parents not consenting.

Outside the church door Margaret and Gerard held a trembling and almost despairing consultation; but before they could settle anything, the man who had done them so ill a turn approached, and gave them to understand that he was very sorry to interfere; that his inclination was to further the happiness of the young; but that in point of fact his only means of getting a living was by forbidding bans; what then? The young people give me a crown, and I undo my work handsomely; tell the cure I was misinformed; and all goes smoothly.

"A crown? I will give you a golden angel to do this," said Gerard, eagerly. The man consented as eagerly, and went with Gerard to the cure, and told him he had made a ridiculous mistake, which a sight of the parties had rectified. On this the cure agreed to marry the young couple next day at ten; and the professional obstructor of bliss went home with Gerard's angel. Like most of these very clever knaves, he was a fool, and proceeded to drink his angel at a certain hostelry in Tergou, where was a green devoted to archery and the common sports of the day. There, being drunk, he bragged of his day's exploit; and who should be there, imbibing every word, but a great frequenter of the sport, the ne'er-do-weel Sybrandt. Sybrandt ran home to tell his father; his father was not at home; he was gone to Rotterdam to buy cloth of the merchants. Catching his elder brother's eye, he made him a signal to come out, and told him what he had heard.

There were black sheep in nearly every large family; and these two were Gerard's black brothers. Idleness is vitiating; waiting for the death of those we ought to love is vitiating; and these two one idead curs were ready to tear any one to death that should interfere with that miserable inheritance, which was their thought by day and their dream by night.—Their parents' parsimony was a virtue; it was accompanied by industry, and its motive was love of their offspring; but in these perverse and selfish hearts that homely virtue was perverted into avarice, than which no more fruitful source of crimes is to be found in nature.

They put their heads together, and agreed not to tell their mother, whose sentiments were so uncertain, but to go first to the Burgomaster. They were cunning enough to see that he was averse to the match, though they could not divine why.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten saw through them at once; but he took care not to let them see through him. He heard their story; and, putting on magisterial dignity and coldness, he said:

"Since the father of the family is not here, his duty devolves on me, who am the father of the town; I know your father's mind; leave all to me; and, above all, tell no woman a word of all this, least of all the women that are in your own house; for chattering tongues mar the wisest counsels."

So he dismissed them a little superciliously; he was ashamed of his confederates.

On their return home, they found their brother Gerard seated on a low stool at their mother's knee; she was caressing his hair with her hand, speaking very kindly to him, and promising to take his part with his father and thwart his love no more. The main cause of this change of mind was one that the reader will comprehend, if he has ever known a woman of this kind. It was this. She it was who, in a moment of female irritation, had cut Margaret's picture to pieces. She had watched the effect with some misgivings, and had seen Gerard turn pale as death, and sit motionless like a bereaved creature, with the pieces in his hands, and his eyes fixed on them till tears came and blinded them. Then she was terrified at what she had done; and next her heart smote her bitterly; and she wept sore apart; but, being what she was, dared not own it, but said to herself, "I'll not say a word, but I'll make it up to him." And her bowels yearned over her son, and her feeble violence died a natural death, and she was transferring her fatal alliance to Gerard when the two black sheep came in. Gerard knew nothing of the immediate cause; on the contrary, her kindness made this novice ashamed of a suspicion he had for a moment entertained that she was the depredator; and he kissed her again and again, and went to bed happy as a prince to think his mother was his mother once more at the very crisis of his fate.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Gerard and Margaret were in the church at Sevenbergen—he radiant with joy, she with blushes,—Peter was also there, and Martin Wittenhaagen, but no other friend. Secrecy was every thing. Margaret had declined Italy. She could not leave her father; he was too learned and too helpless. But it was settled they should retire into Flanders for a few weeks, until the storm should be blown over at Tergou. The cure did not keep them waiting long, though it seemed an age. Presently he stood at the altar, and called them to him. They went hand in hand, the happiest in Holland. The cure opened his book.

But ere he had uttered a single word of the sacred rite, a harsh voice cried, "Forbear!" And the constables of Tergou came up the aisle, and seized Gerard in the name of the law. Martin's long knife flashed out directly.

"Forbear, man!" cried the Priest. "What! draw your weapon in a church! And you who interrupted this holy sacrament—what means this impiety?"

"There is no impiety, father," said the Burgomaster's servant, respectfully. "This young man would marry against his father's will, and his father has prayed our Burgomaster to deal with him according to the law. Let him deny it if he can."

"Is this so, young man?"

Gerard hung his head.

"We take him to Rotterdam to abide the sentence of the Duke."

At this, Margaret uttered a cry of despair, and the young creatures, who were so happy a moment ago, fell to sobbing in one another's arms so piteously, that the instruments of oppression drew back a step, and were ashamed; but one of them that was good-natured stepped up under pretence of separating them, and whispered:

"Rotterdam? it is a lie! We but take him to our Stadthouse."

They took him away on horseback, on the road to Rotterdam; and, after a dozen halts, and by sly detours, to Tergou. Just outside the town they were met by a rude vehicle, covered with canvas. Gerard was put into this, and about five in the evening, was secretly conveyed into the prison of the Stadthouse. He was taken up several flights of stairs and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window with a vertical iron bar. The whole furniture was a huge oak chest.

Imprisonment in those days was one of the high roads to death. It is horrible in its mildest form; but in those days it implied cold, unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poison. Gerard felt he was in the hands of an enemy.

"Oh, the look that man gave me on the road to Rotterdam. There is more here than my father's wrath. I doubt I shall see no more the light of day." And he kneeled down and commended his soul to God.

Then he rose and sprung at the iron bar of the window and clutched it. This enabled him, by pressing his knees against the wall, to look out. It was but for a minute; but in that minute he saw a sight that none but a captive can appreciate.

He saw Martin Wittenhaagen's back.

Martin was sitting, quietly fishing in the brook near the Stadthouse.

Gerard sprang again at the window, and whistled. Martin instantly showed that he was watching much harder than he was fishing. He turned hastily round and saw Gerard; made him a signal, and taking up his line and bow went quickly off.

Gerard saw by this that his friends were not idle, yet he had rather Martin had stayed. The very sight of him was a comfort. He held on, looking at the soldier's retiring form as long as he could, then falling back somewhat heavily, wrenched the rusty iron bar—held only by rusty nails—away from the stone-work just as Ghysbrecht Van Swieten opened the door stealthily behind him. The Burgomaster's eye fell instantly on the iron, and then glanced at the window; but he said nothing. The window was eighty feet high; and if Gerard had a fancy for jumping out, why should he balk it? He brought a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them on the chest in solemn silence. Gerard's first impulse was to brain him with the iron bar, and fly down the stairs; but the Burgomaster seeing something wicked in his eye, gave a little cough, and three stout fellows, armed, showed themselves directly at the door.

"My orders are to keep you thus until you shall bind yourself, by an oath, to leave Margaret Brandt and return to the church to which you have belonged from infancy."

"Death, sooner!"

"As you please."

And the Burgomaster retired.

Martin went with all speed to Sevenbergen; there he found Margaret pale and agitated, but full of resolution and energy. She was just finishing a letter to the Countess Charolois, appealing to her against the violence and treachery of Ghysbrecht.

"Courage!" cried Martin, on entering. "I have found him. He is in the haunted tower; right at the top of it. Ay! I know the place; many a poor fellow has gone up there straight, and come down feet foremost."

He then told them how he had looked up and seen Gerard's face at a window that was like a slit in the wall.

"Oh, Martin! how did he look?"

"What mean you? He looked like Gerard Gerardssoen."

"But was he pale?"

"A little."

"Looked he anxious? Looked he like one doomed?"

"Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot."

"You mock me. Ah then that was at sight of you. He counts on us! Oh! what shall we do? Martin, good friend, take this at once to Rotterdam."

Martin held out his hand for the letter, but was interrupted.

Peter had sat silent all this time, but pondering, and, contrary to his usual custom, keenly attentive to what was going on around him.

"Put not your trust in Princes," said he.

"Alas! what else have we to trust in?"

"Knowledge!"

"Alas, father! your learning will not serve us here."

"How know you that? Wit has been too strong for iron bars ere to-day."

"Ay father; but nature is stronger than wit, and she is against us. Think of the height! No ladder in Holland might reach."

"I need no ladder: what I need is a gold crown."

"Nay, I have money, for that matter. I have nine angels. Gerard gave them me to keep; but what do they avail! The Burgomaster will not be bribed to let Gerard free."

"What do they avail? Give me but one crown, and the young man shall sup with us this night."

Peter spoke so eagerly and confidently, that for a moment Margaret felt hopeful; but she caught Martin's eye dwelling upon him with an expression of benevolent contempt.

"It passes the powers of man's invention," said she, with a deep sigh.

"Invention?" cried the old man. "A fig for invention! What need we invention at this time of day? Everything has been said that is to be said, and done, that can be done. I shall tell you how a Florentine knight was shut up in a tower higher than Gerard's: yet did his faithful squire stand at the tower foot and get him out, with no other engine than that in your hand, Martin, and certain kicksbaws I shall buy for a crown."

Martin looked at his bow, and turned it round in his hand; and seemed to interrogate it. But the examination left him as incredulous as before.

Then Peter told them his story, how the faithful squire got the knight out of a high tower at Brescia. The manœuvre, like most things that are really scientific, was so simple, that now their wonder was they had taken for impossible a thing which was not even difficult.

The letter never went to Rotterdam. They trusted to Peter's learning and their own dexterity.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlight night; Gerard, senior, was still away; the rest of his little family had been some time a-bed.

A figure stood by the dwarf's bed. It was white, and the moonlight shone on it.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and a snarl, the gymnast rolled off his bed and under it by a single unbroken movement. A soft voice followed him in his retreat.

"Why, Giles, are you afeard of me?"

At this, Giles's head peeped cautiously out, and he saw it was only his sister Kate.

She put her finger to her lips. "Hush! lest the wicked Cornelis or the wicked Sybrandt hear us"

She then revealed to Giles, that she had heard Cornelis and Sybrandt mention Gerard's name; and being herself in great anxiety at his not coming home all day, had listened at their door, and had made a fearful discovery. Gerard was in prison, in the haunted tower of the Stadthouse. He was there it seemed by their father's authority. But here must be some treachery; for how could their father have ordered this cruel act? he was at Rotterdam. She ended by entreating Giles to bear her company to the foot of the haunted tower, to say a word of comfort to poor Gerard, and let him know their father was absent, and would be sure to release him on his return.

"Dear Giles, I would go alone, but I am afeard of the spirits that men say do haunt the tower: but with you I shall not be afeard."

"Nor I with you," said Giles. "I don't believe there are any spirits in Tergou. I never saw one. This last was the likest one ever I saw; and it was only you, Kate, after all."

In less than half an hour Giles and Kate opened the house door cautiously, and issued forth. She made him carry a lantern, though the night was bright.

"The lantern gives me more courage against the evil spirits," said she.

The first day of imprisonment is very trying, especially if to the horror of captivity is added the horror of utter solitude. I observe that in our own day a great many persons commit suicide during the first twenty-four hours of the solitary cell. This is doubtless why our Jails abstain so carefully from the impertinence of watching their little experiment upon the human soul at that stage of it.

As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank: with the waning light, even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him: and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow: there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope: had a friendly hand shot it? He took it up, and felt it all over: he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light: it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

How his eyes devoured them, his heart panting the while!

Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us: but hold thy end fast; then count an hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window: a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest and looking down he saw figures at the lower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand: then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up: it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk. What might this mean? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear. "Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty in your hand." At the word Gerard drew the whipcord line up, and drew and drew till he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whipcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up than he found that he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work, and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him: the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well nigh exhausted; looking down he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo! a stout new rope touched his hand: he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his power and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly: then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon the secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the iron bar and fastened it with a small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. It was a nervous moment; but the free air breathed on his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight: then he put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left had seized the rope down at his knees. It was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The next moment he left the bar and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily descended about a yard, and a stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet, and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly, hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one or two. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone upon his prison window: it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty slimy streak on the wall, it was some ten feet long. The rope made has hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off, now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again: and then, not more than thirty feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands outstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down."

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one rapturous, panting embrace.

"Hush! away in silence, dear one."

They stole along the shadow of the wall.

But ere they had gone many yards suddenly a stream of light shot from an angle of the building, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper. "They are after us."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret; "is there no way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder;" and with the word, Martin strung his bow, and fitted an arrow to the string; "in war never wait to be struck; I will kill one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from;" then motioning his companions to be quiet, he began to draw his bow, and ere the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE SNOW-DRIFT.

While Maria Gabrielowna—whom we left just seated, with her maid, in the sledge sent for her by the impatient young officer—is being rapidly drawn along over the slippery snow, under the escort of Vladimir's servant, let us see what Vladimir himself is doing.

Throughout the day, the young officer had been incessantly employed. Early in the morning he had gone over to Jadrino to see the Priest, and obtain the promise of his services; a promise which the ecclesiastic had not been induced to give without long and earnest persuasion on the part of the bridegroom elect. This essential condition of success secured, Vladimir had spent several hours in the equally necessary business of securing the attendance of three witnesses whose presence was essential to the legality of a Russian marriage, and in making various arrangements for the journey that was to follow the performance of the ceremony.

Fortunately for Vladimir a brother-officer of his, who happened to be in the neighborhood, and to whom he had first of all addressed himself, not only promised his own personal assistance on the occasion, but undertook to bring with him a couple of friends to complete the legal number of witnesses.

As the night wore on, Vladimir despatched his own confidential driver, Kerodeka, to Neradowno, with the sledge that was to convey his beloved Maria Gabrielowna to the church of Jadrino; he himself intending to drive thither alone, in a little one-horse sledge. He knew the road to Jadrino perfectly well; and was sure of reaching the church after a drive of some twenty minutes.

But scarcely had Vladimir reached the open country, than the wind, which had been blowing so fiercely all the evening, began to blow more fiercely than ever, driving the snow about with such violence, and in such dense showers, that it was impossible for the young officer to see a yard before him. Under this heavy drifting of the snow, the road, too, disappeared as if by magic; and earth and sky seemed to be confounded in one thick, yellowish blot.

Blinded by the snow and wind, it was impossible for Vladimir to direct the horse; the animal plunged wildly on, now dragging the sledge over a bank of snow, now plunging into a ditch. The little vehicle turned over repeatedly, and was constantly set up again by the distracted young officer, whose utmost efforts were directed to the finding of his true direction. It seemed to him that more than half-an-hour must have passed already; yet he could see nothing of the wood which shelters the approach to Jadrino.

He now found himself crossing an extensive plain intersected by deep ditches; the wind was blowing more violently than ever, the snow became more and more blinding, and the obscurity which enveloped him grew constantly more and more dense. The horse's strength began to fail; and Vladimir, who had got out of the vehicle, and was walking beside the animal in a vain attempt to lead him in the right direction, felt himself sinking to the waist in snow at every step.

Both Vladimir and the horse were now well nigh exhausted. He had been already an hour on the way, and yet Jadrino seemed as far off as ever. It was evident to the young officer that he must have lost his way; and his heart beat so violently at the thought of all that might result from this delay, that it nearly suffocated him.

Ere long he espied a black point before him; and as he approached it he saw that he was near a wood.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the harrassed and anxious traveller, as he urged forward the weary horse, in the hope of at length regaining the well-known road to Jadrino.

As he turned the corner of the wood, he perceived, to his great joy, a broad, smooth road, whose line was still plainly discernible, notwithstanding the drifting of the snow, from which it seemed to have been partially protected by the thick growth of trees that, leafless and black under the wintry sky, towered into the chill air on either hand. The relief afforded by this welcome change gave new strength both to Vladimir and to the horse. The wind was kept off by the forest, the road was smooth, straight and hard; and Vladimir, despite his anxiety, felt his hopes rising once more as the little sledge glided swiftly along between the dark outlines of the wood.

But, despite the present rapidity of his progress, Jadrino was not yet visible; and Vladimir at length, with an inexpressible sinking of the heart, was compelled to admit, from the presence of various objects utterly unknown to him, that he was still on the wrong road, and that he was consequently, in all probability, farther from Jadrino than ever.

The trees were becoming less and less dense every step; and Vladimir soon emerged from the wood, and saw, by the dim light, that he was again on an open plain. His eyes filled with tears, at the thought of what must be the anxiety of his beloved Maria Gabrielowna, awaiting him in vain, in the little church of Jadrino. But was she indeed still awaiting him? Not seeing him arrive, what course would she have taken? and was it not altogether probable that she had already returned to her father's house? The young man grew desperate as these forebodings passed through his mind; but what could he do? It was useless to turn back; for he could not hope to find his way without a guide; nothing remained for him but to push resolutely forward until he should come to some house at which he might learn his whereabout.

After another quarter of an hour's driving, Vladimir perceived before him a cluster of half a dozen cottages. Arrived before the first of these, he alighted from the sledge, and knocked at the window.

In the course of a few minutes, the window was unfastened, and the head of an old peasant, with a long white beard, appeared at the opening.

"What do you want?" demanded the peasant.

"Is it far to Jadrino?"

"Not far. A dozen versts, or so."

At this reply, the young officer seized his hair, as though he would have torn out a couple of handfuls in his despair. "Where do you come from," inquired the old peasant.

Vladimir had not the heart to answer this question, but at once asked the peasant whether he could furnish him with horses to take him to Jadrino?"

"There are no horses about here," returned the peasant, with a dogged shake of the head.

"Can I have a guide?" demanded Vladimir, "I will pay any sum for a guide!"

"Wait a minute," said the peasant, closing the window, "I will call my son, and he will go with you."

The door soon opened, and a young man, wrapped in sheepskin, and holding an iron-shod staff in his hand, came out of the cottage.

"What o'clock is it?" inquired Vladimir, as, after leaving the horse and sledge in the care of the peasant, he followed the guide, who at once set forward towards Jadrino.

"Why, pretty nigh upon morning," replied the latter.

All Vladimir's anxieties rushed back upon his heart at this answer.

The cocks were crowing in the light of the early morning, when the disappointed lover reached Jadrino.

The church was shut. Having paid and discharged his guide, Vladimir hastened to the house of the priest; and remarked, with bitter regret, that his sledge was nowhere to be seen. What tidings will he hear when the good priest, whose steps he can hear slowly descending the stairs, shall have opened the door in answer to his summons?

Next morning Gabriel Gabrielowitch and Peacovia Petrowna came down at their accustomed hour to breakfast; Gabriel Gabrielowitch, as was his wont, wearing a woollen nightcap and a long flannel wrapper, and Peacovia Petrowna a wadded dressing-gown. The inevitable tea urns, of which each individual in Russia has one to himself at every meal, were brought in and placed before them; a third being placed for Maria Gabrielowna as usual.

Gabriel Gabrielowitch desired a servant to go to his daughter's room, and inquire how her head was, and whether she had slept well the preceding night.

The servant returned in a few minutes, reported that Maria Gabrielowna had not slept well, but that she nevertheless felt better, and was coming down immediately.

This message had hardly been delivered when Maria Gabrielowna entered the room, and approaching her father and mother, kissed them both according to custom.

"How is your head this morning, Maria?" inquired the father.

"Much better, papa!" replied the young lady. "The stove must have been closed too soon," observed her mother; "it must be the gas that gave you such a head ache."

"Very likely, mamma," responded Maria Gabrielowna.

But Maria's pale face and heavy eyes continued to excite her parents' uneasiness; and as, though protesting there was nothing the matter with her, she grew more and more evidently ill as the evening came on, they sent off for their family physician.

By the time the doctor reached Neradowno, Maria Gabrielowna was delirious. A violent attack of brain fever had succeeded to the indisposition of the preceding day, and the poor girl's life was despaired of for a fortnight.

No one in the house had the slightest suspicion of her flight. All the letters which Maria Gabrielowna had received from the young officer had been burnt by her on her return to her father's house; the waiting maid had not breathed a word of the affair to anybody; the priest of Jadrino, and the three witnesses had kept the secret religiously; and as for Kerodeka, he was never given to indiscreet revelations, not even when drunk.

But Maria Gabrielowna, in her long delirium, talked incessantly of the mystery; her words, however, were so incoherent that her parents could make nothing of them, except, indeed, that she was dying for love of Vladimir Nicolaewitch, and that her passion for him was the cause of her illness. Convinced of the uselessness of persevering in their opposition to her wishes, Maria's parents now determined to overlook the young man's want of fortune, and to restore their child to health and happiness by consenting to her union with the man of her choice.

It was long since Vladimir Nicolaewitch had been forced to cease visiting at their house; and it was therefore necessary for Maria's parents, when their daughter became convalescent, to write to the young man, informing him of his happiness, and inviting his immediate return.

Great was the stupefaction of the worthy Gabriel Gabrielowitch and his kind-hearted wife, at receiving, in reply to their overtures, a letter from Vladimir himself, in which the young officer solemnly declared that he would never cross the threshold of their door, and besought them to forget the existence of one who was the unhappiest of men, and whose sole hope and consolation was in death.

A few days after the reception of this astounding communication, which both Gabriel and his wife regarded as conclusive evidence that the young man had become insane, they learned that he had rejoined his regiment, and was proceeding to the seat of war.

Maria Gabrielowna slowly regained her health, but the name of the young officer never passed her lips; and her parents carefully refrained from making any allusion to him, or from informing her of the vain attempt they had made to win him back to her side as her accepted husband. But the violence of her emotions, when, a month or two later, she fainted away on seeing the name of Vladimir Nicolaewitch on the list of the officers wounded at the battle of Borodino, showed them that her affections were still irrevocably fixed on the man who had so incomprehensibly deserted her. The news of his death, which occurred at Moscow the day before the French entered that city, threw her into a second illness almost as severe as the first; but her youth, and the excellence of her constitution enabled her to recover from this new shock. But though she regained her health, and appeared, in time, tranquil, and even cheerful, she repelled impatiently all suggestions as to the propriety of choosing another partner. She treasured every trifle that was associated with the memory of Vladimir: and seemed determined to remain single all her life for his sake. QUANTUM.

[NOTE.—Our Paris letter comes to hand so late this week, that we are able only to give the above portion of it, containing the continuation of the story.—*Ed. Post.*]

THE PAINTER'S PERIL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

One of the grand old painters
In a cathedral stood,—
On a half-finished fresco
Musing in thoughtful mood:
Close by his side and smiling
Dreamily gazed a youth—
"Father," he said, "'tis perfect—
Boaz and beautiful Ruth."

Then he glanced down at the glory
Lighting up transept and nave;
That streamed from the orient windows
Over the marble pave;
For those wonderful orient windows
Lustrous with amber flame,
Crowned with the twelve apostles
And Him of the holy name;
Kindling the broad mosaics,—
Shrines and confessionals,
Flushing the saints' grim faces,
And gilding the sombre walls.

Sooth 'twas a radiant grouping
Pictures all crimson-hued,
Moulding and fret-work and carving,
With wildest splendor imbued,
A masterly crucifixion;
Madonnas with crowns of flame;
And Titian's Magdalen, weeping
Over remembered shame;

The pulpits like ebon lilies
Poised upon leaf-carved stems—
The waxen shrine of Our Lady,
Circled by lustrous gems,
The altars and ghostly candles,
Crowned with a tremulous light,
The flowers, the priests and the censers,
And singing-boys robed in white.

And the mighty, misty organ,
Goldenly looming out
From the shadowing arches and pillars,
And choir-stalls ranged about;
The slow, grave music, swelling
Up to the groined roof,
And the monks from the gay civilians
Piously keeping aloof

All this the youth saw, smiling,
When, sudden, a step he heard;
And, alas! for his father's danger
He dared not utter a word:
For gazing rapt at the picture,
Slow backward the painter prest,
On—on—to the verge of the scaffold,
His arms crossed over his breast.

With eyes as in tranced vision,
And lips as in speechless joy,
He moved still back to his peril,
Nor heeded the anguished boy—
Who, stealthily (taught of heaven)
Lifted an idle brush
All wet with the ruby color
That quickens a maiden's blush;
And straight at the gleaming fresco
Twas hurled—fierce the painter sprung
From the terrible, yawning chasm—
Anathema on his tongue.

"Vandal! my glorious picture!"
He shouted with fearful frown;
But the boy, whose white lips quivered,
Tremblingly pointed down;
And the grand old master shuddered,
He saw where his steps had trod,
So he folded the boy to his bosom,
And, silent, gave thanks to God.

THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS;

OR,

THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A friend of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest—

"Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment.—Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said, dryly, 'I know why; you have stayed longer than any other lodger. Few ever stayed a second night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

"'They—who?' I asked, affecting a smile.

"'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still. The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her farther. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me, "Do you want any one at that house, sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— Street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, amongst whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in painting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day, and although they deponed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house."

"My interest *is* exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me,—and thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

"F——," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition?—well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F——, grinning with delight.

"Very well,—then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now,—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had no leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay's Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog,—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir:" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz.: that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation and followed me and F—— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not winebibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp—and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomena witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child; the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining parlor, a small back-parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—as still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half laugh—and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed.

"Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten us."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for it is a—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant.

"Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts: the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large, pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers; there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand; just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's,) "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the doors between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other; I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out,

"Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentred all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber.

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens, a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as if in the madness of hydrophbia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is, that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—*i. e.* not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs.

In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerised patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself—and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural that which is not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touched the ceiling.—While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me: I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition;—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters: my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for a previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted, slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany, round table,) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table; hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or

globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of a youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long, yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial; impalpable—simulacra—phantasms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, and all three for a moment were wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom-male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker, and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fire place now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentred all my faculties in the single focus of resisting stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, and into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken—actually twisted out of the vertebræ. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then comes to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

"HONORED SIR,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's at Walworth—John knows her address."

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE ANTITHESIS OF LIFE:

Via Crucis, via Lucis.

It goes in and comes out, now it fades, now is bright,
And it guides by its darkness, as well as its light.
So a word fitly spoken is potent to teach,
But silence sometimes taketh better than speech.
Force winneth the battle, force driveth the throng;
But patient endurance, through weakness is strong.
A gay sparkling glance is right joyous to see,
But a deep thoughtful eye hath more witchery for me.
The king rules his realm by a word, by a whim,
But the babe that can't speak, from his cradle, rules him.
So the pride of this life threads the path of renown,
But the way of the Cross is the way of the Crown.

Wit and Humor.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

Say, dear Monsieur Blondin, suppose you should slip,
And you, when descending, should fall in your grip,
Pray tell me, old Gaul, what would happen to you?

Eh! bien! my dear Sir, at least this would be true,
You've now a Yankee and a Canadian fall,
With mine, Sir, a French one, and that would be all.

TOO QUICK.—For all that this world is a "thorny waste," it seems some good men are not in a hurry to leave it. The Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, Longside, while passing along a street in the village, was met by an old woman who was in the habit of begging. As was her practice, she made a solicitation for a half-penny. On feeling in his pocket, Mr. Skinner discovered that he had not a half-penny, but was possessed of a penny piece, which he handed to her. The sum being double what was expected, so excited her gratitude that she exclaimed,

"Lord bless you, sir, and may much good attend your family through life. And as for yourself, may God take you to your resting-place this very night."

"Thank you, madam, for your good wishes," said Mr. Skinner, "but you need not have been so very particular about the time."

MIGHTY PARTICULAR.—Lawyers are sometimes very particular. The other day one of these learned and amiable gentlemen was waited upon by a young man who wished his advice, and began by saying—

"My father died and made a will—"

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered the lawyer.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man; "but if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then the lawyer observed—

"Oh, I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died."

"Yes, yes; that must be it!"

☞ "I am certain, madam, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, sir, you shouldn't carry betting *to such extreme lengths.*"

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

BY A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.

"Good one! Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shet?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? Say.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I should do without it.
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it 'my dear.'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen.
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Singer things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own black hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal headachy noise.
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys.
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes and a dainty foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With an indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me.
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collar and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
Aint it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! hear that, my boy;
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

"Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety famblings mean,
Would you like, yourself, a sewing-machine?
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

HANGING IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

The author of "Rural Life in Louisiana" thus describes a hanging in the rural districts of that State:—

"Why," exclaimed we, as we approached the jail, "we thought the law required that executions must take place within an enclosure?"

"So it does," said the sheriff, "and don't you call that an enclosure—say?" pointing with his long cane to a worm fence surrounding the building; "I put that there this morning—the law don't require me to build a stone wall nor a brick one nuther, jest to hang a feller; nor does it require, that I'm aware of, that I should chink the cracks betwixt the rails, nuther, to keep anybody from seeing."

"Where have you erected your gallows?"

"Oh, 'taint erect yet, but soon will be—here, Bill," he continued, "take this rope (drawing from his pocket a piece of ploughline about eighteen inches in length), and go and tie one end of it 'round Tolley's neck and fetch him here."

The deputy departed and soon returned, leading the culprit, secured as commanded. He was a short, chunky, "don't-care-a-cuss" looking fellow, who sauntered carelessly along, with his hands in his pockets.

He was placed by the side of a long cottonwood sapling, which was lying on the ground. It had recently been stripped of its bark, except the fork at one end.

The sheriff drew off his blanket-coat, threw it across the fence, looked full in the culprit's face, and addressed him:

"*Mister* Tolley, you're a durned mean lookin' sneak, now sin's yer! Durn yer, I'll teach you how to set fire to a shanty, and be guilty o' arson—pull off your hat, sir, and hold up your head."

The deputy having fastened the other end of the rope to the sapling, Mr. F. seized a prong of the fork in either hand, and poised it above his head as high as he could reach, but not quite clearing *Mr.* Tolley's toes from the ground, while the deputy stood by, watch in hand, counting the minutes as they passed. The sheriff, still with his arms aloft, becoming very red in the face, called out,

"I say, Bill, how long has he been a-hangin'?"

"Jest three minutes an' a half," answered the assistant.

"Then he's only got one minute and a half more, and he don't begin to be dead yet."

"Aleck," observed we; "if I may be permitted to venture an assertion, 'twould be that the supreme law of the land makes it obligatory upon you to keep him in *suspense* until the vital principle is no more."

"Counsellor, shet up; I know what I'm about. You may know all about the theory o' law, but you don't know nothin' 'bout the practice; and it stands to reason that you should know nothin' 'bout the duties of a sheriff; but, I'll tell you, I've heared ever since I was born, that arter a gentleman had hung a given length o' time, and wan't kilt—and I think five minutes is the time—he's entitled to life, and I think he oughter be, too. Knowin' that to be the law, (or how could so many people be mistaken if 'taint,) I'm a-going to let him down."

So saying, he threw the caplin as far from him as he was able, jerking the culprit very hard to the ground, thereby prejudicing his comfort much more than his pendant position did. Loosening the halter from his neck, and smashing his hat down over his eyes, the sheriff seized him by the collar, planted the toe of a number eleven pegged boot extremely low down in the dorsal region, and exclaimed:

"Look a-here, *Mister* Tolley, you've jest escaped death by a fiction o' law—now go; but hang me, if ever I ketch you in this parish agin, I'll kick you till you're a jelly fish, d'ye hear? then scoot. Come, boys, let's go and git up a small game o' draw."—*True Delta.*

A REPORTER'S JOKE.

Morgan O'Sullivan, an Irishman, and a celebrated Parliamentary reporter, attached to the London Morning Chronicle, some fifty years ago, was as remarkable for his honor as his professional ability. Whenever any one offended Morgan, or got out of favor with him, he invariably retaliated in the way of some practical joke, that generally placed his antagonist in a very ridiculous position, and afforded the humorist satisfaction.

In this way he once "got even" with two individuals at the same time, who had excited his ire—namely the celebrated Wilberforce, then a leading member in the opposition in Parliament, and one Jack Finnerty, a parliamentary reporter of the Morning Herald. Finnerty was fresh from Tipperary, and quite unacquainted with the characteristics of the different members, but he received a good deal of generous professional assistance at the outset of his career from Morgan O'Sullivan. On the occasion now referred to, Finnerty came into the reporter's gallery at a period of the night when the debates seemed to have slackened; he concluded to take a doze on one of the benches, and requested his friend to wake him up if anything lively came before the house, and thereupon went off to sleep. Presently Mr. Wilberforce got upon his legs, and addressed a very thrilling speech before the house.

As he progressed, a mischievous idea seized Morgan O'Sullivan, which as soon as he (Wilberforce) sat down, he proceeded to put in practice, thus: Rousing Finnerty from his slumber on the benches, O'Sullivan exclaimed, "Jack, Wilberforce has just made an extraordinary speech." "What about!", returned Finnerty, rubbing his eyes. "About the potato; the effect of it on national vivacity—the great virtues of it as an article of popular diet; proved that the finest kind of men were reared on it, far superior to the English." "Wilberforce said that, did he!" exclaimed Finnerty; "come let me take his remarks in full from your notes." "With pleasure, my dear fellow," replied O'Sullivan, who commenced as if reading from a note book, whilst Finnerty eagerly wrote after him in the following vein: "Mr. Wilberforce then emphatically remarked that it always appeared to him, beyond question, that the great cause why the Irish laborers, as a body, were so much stronger and capable of enduring so much more fatigue than the English, arose from the surpassing virtues of their potato." "That's what I call eloquence," interrupted Jack Finnerty. Morgan resumed, "and I have no doubt (continued Mr. Wilberforce) that had it been my lot to have been born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of that inestimable root, instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled and stunted creature you, sir, and the honorable gentlemen now behold me, I would have been a stout, athletic, handsome man, able to carry an enormous weight." "Well done, Wilberforce," exclaimed Jack, rubbing his hands in high glee; "go on, Morgan." O'Sullivan then proceeded in the same vein of pathos and absurdity, but adroitly keeping within the bounds that Finnerty's credulity would swallow, until he had placed a most whimsical speech in the mouth of the grave and earnest Wilberforce. Finnerty, with many expressions of thanks to his brother reporter, started for the Herald office.

On his way, turning into a tavern close by the House of Commons, where a number of reporters of the different morning papers were regaling themselves, here Jack furnished them all with copies of "Wilberforce's speech," and the hoax found its way the next morning into every paper in London, with the exception of the Morning Chronicle, to which, as a matter of course, the correct report was furnished by O'Sullivan. The public were astounded by the extraordinary speech which, according to all the papers, Mr. Wilberforce had made, and the general opinion was expressed that he was a candidate for Bedlam. The following evening, on the speaker taking the chair, Wilberforce rose and claimed the indulgence of the House. "Every honorable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honorable gentleman read the speech amidst the most deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure honorable members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning, when I found the paper on the breakfast table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned, for if the honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the people."

This was only one of the many instances in which Morgan O'Sullivan paid off to his heart's content, members of Parliament and other potential personages, who had in some manner or other, provoked the waggish propensities of this incurable humorist.

☞ M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on a recent marriage of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "However could Madame de S——— make such a match? a person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!" "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honors."

☞ A TERRIBLE BORE.—The bore of the Armstrong gun.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA AND SNAKE BITES.—Mr. Benatus Bachmann writes to the Albany Evening Journal as follows:

"In perusing this morning's paper, I observed a case of hydrophobia, which thus far has been a stumbling block for physicians in general to overcome. I feel in duty bound, gentlemen, as I am in possession of an infallible remedy for that most-to-be-lamented disease, here to make it public, especially when attended with scarcely any expense, hoping those afflicted will make timely use of it:

"'RECIPE.—Dissolve a pint of common table salt in a pint of boiling water, scarify the part affected freely, then apply the salt water with a cloth as warm as the patient can bear it, repeating the same for at least an hour.'

"The same recipe has been successfully applied for the bite of rattlesnakes. I hope thus to be instrumental in rescuing human life."

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) Union gives the following recipe:—Take three dozen of full grown cucumbers and eight white onions. Peel the onions and cucumbers, and then chop them as fine as possible. Sprinkle on three-quarters of a pint of fine table salt; put the whole in a sieve and let it drain twelve hours; then take a teacupful of mustard seed, half a teacupful of ground black pepper and mix them well with the cucumbers and onions. Put the whole into a stone jar, with the strongest vinegar; close it up tightly for three days and it is fit for use. It will keep for years.

RELIEF OF NEURALGIA.—As this dreadful disease, says an exchange, is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as doctors have discovered no method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no sure relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article that recommended the application of horseradish to the face for toothache. As neuralgia and the toothache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to give relief to the other; so we made the application of horseradish, bruised, applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated. It gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then, we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying result. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within the reach of every one. So says the Detroit Advertiser.

MINNESOTA BEAN FRITTERS.—Soak a pint of beans, and then boil in water. Salt it to taste. When the skins commence to loosen, place a covered steamer close over the pot of beans, and in a few moments take it off briskly, and as quickly skim off the skins which have risen on the surface. Replace the steamer, and repeat the same until you have as much of the skins as you can skim, then let the beans boil to a mash. Take off; let them cool to blood heat, then add sufficient yeast to rise it, and stir in flour with a spoon until you can get in no more. Be sure to have sufficient salt. Let it rise, and when very light (not sour,) drop the mixture by spoonsful into hot lard—as much or as little fat as you please. Serve up hot. Beans may be prepared more delicately for these fritters by soaking bean meal in water over night, then either baking in the oven with plenty of water for four hours, or boiling in a pudding bag for 5 to 6 hours. Or, allow it to get perfectly cold, and cut in slices, and fry like cold mush.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WALNUT PUFFS.—Two tablespoonsful of flour, two ounces melted butter, two ounces sugar, two ounces hickory nuts beaten fine; bake in cups well buttered.

TOMATO MARMALADE.—Take full grown tomatoes while quite green, cut out the stems, stew them till quite soft, rub them through a sieve, set the pulp on the fire; season highly with salt, pepper, pounded cloves, and stew all together till thick. It is excellent for seasoning gravies, and keeps well.

LEMON PICKLE.—Slice six lemons; rub them with salt; lay them in a stone jar, with two ounces each of allspice and white pepper, and one-fourth ounce each of mace, cloves and cayenne, and two ounces each of horseradish and mustard seed. Pour over them two quarts of hot distilled vinegar, and, after standing for a few days, strain. Some add garlic or shallotts.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OPINION.

Worn out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself: but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own; for, did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual; and was there any sign within their range, that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened?

It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep, in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting-room, and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bed-room door in the early morning?

Within a few minutes Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt, her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross, submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilette, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour in his usual white linen and with his usual neat leg. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the only safe advance, he at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week, and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself, that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly,

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me; perhaps, to your better information it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discolored by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled, and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake—and above all, for his daughter's—his daughter's, my dear Manette."

"If I understand," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, "some mental shock—?"

"Yes?"

"Be explicit," said the Doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the—the—as you express it—the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one cannot say for how long, because I believe he cannot calculate the time himself, and there are no other means of getting at it. It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered, by a process that he cannot trace himself—as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner. It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered so completely, as to be a highly intelligent man, capable of close application of mind, and great exertion of body, and of constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge, which was already very large. But, unfortunately, there has been," he paused and took a deep breath—"a slight relapse."

The Doctor, in a low voice, asked,

"Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands again, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"That is the fact."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the Doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit originally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he in most respects—or in all respects—as he was then?"

"I think, in all respects."

"You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand, and murmured,

"That was very kind. That was very thoughtful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, in his most considerate and most affectionate way, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. I do not possess the kind of information necessary; I do not possess the kind of intelligence; I want guiding. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance, as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Is there any danger of another? Could a repetition of it be prevented? How should a repetition of it be treated? How does it come about at all? What can I do for my friend? No man ever can have been more desirous in his heart to serve a friend, than I am to serve mine, if I knew how. But I don't know how to originate, in such a case. If your sagacity, knowledge, and experience, could put me on the right track, I might be able to do so much; unenlightened and undirected, I can do so little. Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it a little more clearly, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Dr. Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not press him.

"I think it probable," said the Doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much," he said with an involuntary shudder. "You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind,

and how difficult—how almost impossible—it is, for him to force himself to utter a word upon the topic that oppresses him."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to any one, when it is on him?"

"I think so. But it is, as I have told you, next to impossible. I even believe it—in some cases—to be quite impossible."

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the Doctor's arm again, after a short silence on both sides, "to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is probable that there had long been a dread lurking in his mind, that those associations would be recalled—say, under certain circumstances—say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself, in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself, made himself less able to bear it."

"Would he remember what took place in the relapse?" asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The Doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered, in a low voice,

"Not at all."

"Now as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

"As to the future," said the Doctor, recovering firmness, "I should have great hope. As it pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should have great hope. He, yielding under the pressure of a complicated something, long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and contended against, and recovering after the cloud had burst and passed, I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry, "on which I am anxious to be instructed. I may go on?"

"You cannot do your friend a better service."

The Doctor gave him his hand.

"To the first, then. He is of a studious habit, and unusually energetic; he applies himself with great ardor to the acquisition of professional knowledge, to the conducting of experiments, to many things. Now, does he do too much?"

"I think not. It may be the character of his mind, to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural to it; in part, the result of affliction. The less it was occupied with healthy things, the more it would be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery."

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now—"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me, as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment, that he was overworked; it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Doctor Manette with the firmness of self-conviction, "that anything but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it. After what has happened, and after his recovery, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organization of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, "we will call—Blacksmith's work. Blacksmith's work. We will say, to put a case and for the sake of illustration, that he had been used in his bad time, to work at a little forge. We will say that he was unexpectedly found at his forge again. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"He has always kept it by him," said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. "Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?"

Still, the Doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"You do not find it easy to advise me?" said Mr. Lorry. "I quite understand it to be a nice question. And yet I think—" And there he shook his head, and stopped.

"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost workings of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practised, the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture; that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when, I believe, he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might need that old employment, and not find it, gives him a sudden sense of terror, like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child."

He looked like his illustration, as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry's face.

"But may not—mind! I ask for information, as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas, shillings, and bank-notes—may not the retention of the thing, involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it? In short, is it not a concession to the misgiving, to keep the forge?"

There was another silence.

"You see, too," said the Doctor, tremulously, "it is such an old companion."

"I would not keep it," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head; for he gained in firmness as he saw the Doctor disquieted. "I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear good man. For his daughter's sake, my dear Manette!"

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him!

"In her name, then, let it be done; I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there; let him miss his old companion after an absence."

Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days, he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day, he went away to join Lucie and her husband. The precaution that had been taken to account for his silence, Mr. Lorry had previously explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it, and she had no suspicions.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose), was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire; and the tools, shoes, and leather, were buried in the garden. So wicked do destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds, that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, while engaged in the commission of their deed and in the removal of its traces, almost felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEA.

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared, to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours, when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech; but I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humor and good fellowship, what he did mean?

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind, than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than—than usual?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me! Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you, is anything but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insufferable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again! But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not so easy to me, as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dismiss! Have I had nothing more important to remember, in the great service you rendered me that day?"

"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you when I rendered it.—Mind! I say when I rendered it; I am speaking of the past."

"You make light of the obligation," returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with your light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose; I was speaking about our being friends. Now, you know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I do, and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as an useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance I detected between you and me, an unornamental) piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterwards, he was, to all outward appearance, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but, when he afterwards joined her in her own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful to night!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful to night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my Love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my Own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my Life?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very, seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

"It is a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed; there is scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful, in the purity of her faith in this lost man, that her husband could have looked at her as she was, for hours.

"And, oh, my dearest Love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast, and raising her eyes to his, "remember how strong we are in our happiness, and how weak he is in his misery!"

The supplication touched him home.

"I will always remember it, dear Heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, and could have seen the drops of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft, blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have cried to the night—and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time—

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Swim for Life.—A correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, writing from Norfolk, states that, on Tuesday of last week, Capt. John Doughty was washed from the deck of his sloop, about five o'clock in the morning, when about five miles at sea, off Smith's Island. The sea was running very high at the time, and, being unable to regain his vessel, he swam towards the shore and attempted to land; the breakers, however, prevented his doing so, and he then swam around the southern end of the island, where he made a second attempt; this failed also, and, after having passed four miles along the beach, he was taken by a current and washed inside of the capes; here he was picked up by Captain Conkling, after having been swimming eight hours, and carried into Alexandria, from which place he came to Norfolk and proceeded to his residence in Northampton county, where it was generally supposed that he was drowned. He must have swam nearly fifteen miles, and that with his clothes on except his boots, which he pulled off in the water. When rescued, he was nearly exhausted, and must have drowned in a few minutes.

The Great Eastern.—As a matter of curiosity, we append the tonnage of the Great Eastern, as compared with the principal vessels of the United States Navy:

Names.	Tonnage.
Pennsylvania,	3,241
Columbus,	2,480
Ohio,	2,757
North Carolina,	2,633
Delaware,	2,633
Vermont,	2,633
New Orleans,	2,805
Alabama,	2,583
Virginia,	2,633
New York,	2,633
Total,	28,131
Great Eastern,	28,000

Her tonnage is nearly as great as the combined tonnage of the ten tremendous line-of-battle ships—including the once unrivalled Pennsylvania—that are registered on the United States Navy list.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The following is given as a classification of the next Congress, in the States which have already elected:—

STATES WHICH HAVE ALREADY ELECTED.

	Rep.	Anti-L.	South Opp.	Dem.
Alabama,	—	—	—	7
Arkansas,	—	—	—	2
Connecticut,	4	—	—	—
Delaware,	—	—	—	1
Florida,	—	—	—	1
Illinois,	4	1	—	4
Indiana,	7	1	—	3
Iowa,	2	—	—	—
Kentucky,	—	—	5	5
Maine,	6	—	—	—
Massachusetts,	11	—	—	—
Michigan,	3	—	—	1
Missouri,	—	—	—	7
N. Hampshire,	3	—	—	—
New Jersey,	3	2	—	—
New York,	26	3	—	4
N. Carolina,	—	—	4	4
Ohio,	15	—	—	6
Oregon,	—	—	—	1
Pennsylvania,	20	2	—	3
Rhode Island,	2	—	—	—
S. Carolina,	—	—	—	6
Tennessee,	—	—	7	3
Texas,	—	—	—	2
Vermont,	3	—	—	—
Virginia,	—	—	1	12
Wisconsin,	2	—	—	1
Total,	111	9	17	73

STATES YET TO ELECT—PROBABILITIES.

California,	—	—	—	2
Georgia,	—	—	—	8
Louisiana,	—	—	1	3
Maryland,	—	—	3	2
Minnesota,	2	—	—	—
Mississippi,	—	—	—	5
Grand total,	113	9	21	94

From these figures it would seem that the Republicans, though the strongest party in the House, could not organize it without assistance from another one of the parties in that body.

Another interesting consideration is the decision of the House, should the next Presidential election be brought before it. As Kansas will probably be admitted next winter, there will then be 34 States, which will probably stand as follows:

Republican.	Democratic.	South'n Opp.
Connecticut,	Alabama,	Tennessee,
Indiana	Arkansas,	Maryland—2
Iowa,	Delaware,	Tied.
Kansas,	Florida,	Kentucky,
Maine,	Georgia,	N Carolina—2
Massachusetts,	Illinois,	Anti-L. Dem.
Michigan,	Louisiana,	California—1
Minnesota,	Mississippi,	
N. Hampshire,	Missouri.	
New Jersey,	Oregon,	
New York,	South Carolina,	
Ohio,	Texas,	
Pennsylvania,	Virginia—13.	
Rhode Island,		
Vermont,		
Wisconsin—16		

The above is based, of course, upon the representations in the House—but it is probable that the Delegations would be considerably affected in their votes, by the way their respective States had voted for President.

Remarkable California Weather for July.—That mythical personage, "the oldest inhabitant," is said to be entirely nonplussed at the curious spell of weather which we have been having in San Francisco for the last week. The sun has scarcely been able, with his most ardent exertions, to penetrate the canopy of clouds which has hung like a gloomy pall over the city.

This rather unusual weather for the summer time commenced about ten days ago. It has been attended with a cessation, to some extent, of the diurnal sea breeze, and, consequently, of the dust, which is always an annoyance to pedestrians and housekeepers. But this has been again compensated by the cold, damp atmosphere. At night the fog has been so dense as to come down sometimes almost to the housetops, hurrying in over the seaward hills like the ghosts of departed spirits, and making all the town wrap itself in its thickest coat. One morning the eaves of the houses were found dripping, as with a respectable rain, and the streets were quite damp. On Monday there was an interesting struggle between the sun and the clouds, and for a short space it seemed as if old Sol was to be the victor. Here and there his genial rays made a breaching in the thick mantling battalions of the enemy, revealing a transient island of blue sky in the waste of dull leaden clouds; but soon the spaces were filled in, and all again was dark. Yesterday there was a slight change for the better.—*San Francisco Times, July 27.*

Sheep in Texas.—There is a sort of mania, just now, about sheep in Texas. The start made a few years ago by G. W. Kendall—and his success, after going through all the phases of ill luck, losses and discouragements—which perseverance overcame—has induced many others to establish great sheep farms in that State. Major Wm. Leland, of New York, is one of the number who has followed the lead of Mr. Kendall, with every prospect of success. There is, beside the fine wool flocks, established in Texas, a constant and large importation of the coarse wool-sheep of Mexico. It is estimated that a fourth of a million of Mexican sheep have crossed the line into Texas, since the first of 1859—and the number is constantly increasing. These Mexican sheep are crossed with Northern stock—and make a valuable progeny, both for wool and mutton.

A Deep Artesian Well.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that the State House well, at Columbus, is now 2,062 feet deep, and the water rises to within 27 feet of the surface, which gives a column of water 2,035 feet high. The pressure, therefore, at the bottom of the well will be the weight of this column of water, which is 900 lbs. per square inch, or 127,000 lbs. per square foot; this is equal to a pressure of about 59 atmospheres. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this pressure, when it is stated that locomotive boilers generally carry a pressure of steam amounting to less than eight atmospheres. Another fact worthy of note is, that the "sinker"—a piece of iron 30 feet long by 2½ inches in diameter, and weighing over 400 lbs.—which is attached to the lower end of the poles, from the constant agitation to which it is subjected, has become a powerful magnet.

Science vs. Woodchucks.—Woodchucks are a pest to the farmer and if one retires to his hole his case is a good one—his safety is secured, unless one goes in the laborious effort of digging him out. The new mode of hunting this animal, is to take a turtle about the size of your hand, bore a hole in the edge of his shell, and tie a string in the same; then put on his back near his tail a small amount of sulphur, with a little turpentine; ignite the same and head the animal down the hole; impelled by the excitement in the rear, he diligently seeks the bottom. The woodchuck, horrified by the smell of sulphur and the flaming appearance of his visitor, evacuates the premises, and is met at the entrance of the hole by the club of the hunter. The turtle is then pulled out for another hunt. We are told the experiment never fails.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is a member of the new Episcopal Church of St. John, in the parish of Putney, London. The Bishop of London recently consecrated the edifice, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt has undertaken to act gratuitously as organist for one year.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Nice Place to Live In.—The New York Tribune says of that city:—"In New York, as an offset for fine streets and shops, we have the heroic satisfaction of knowing that every tenth person in the community is arrested for murder, rape, arson, theft, violence, drunkenness, or breach of law or decency of some sort." The Tribune also says that if the number of criminals continues to increase in the same proportion as heretofore, it ultimately will embrace the whole population!

The newspaper report that a lady of Warren, Ohio, had presented her husband with eight children all at once, is indignantly contradicted, the letter-writer insisting that the parties, husband and wife, "are both respectable persons of respectable families."

The Next Electoral College.—The next Electoral College, if Kansas should be admitted at the approaching session of Congress, will consist of 306 members, 154 of which will be necessary to a choice. The non-slaveholding States will have 186 electors, and the slaveholding States 120.

The latest report concerning the Croton water is to the effect that certain portions of the lake have assumed a dirty white aspect, like that of a stagnant pool; in other places it assumes a yellow hue, like the drainings of a barn-yard or tannery, and the water in the vicinity is so disgusting to the smell, that even the cows refuse to drink it.

A heavy responsibility rests upon Blondin. All the little boys in Buffalo are learning to walk a rope. The pillage of clothes-lines is universal. Those who can't get a rope do their little Blondin on board fence. Besides this melancholy result, the editors of Buffalo and Rochester are threatened with a "coolness" on account of their rival ropists, Blondin and De Lave.

A Chance for Girls.—The Agricultural Society which holds its fair at Dundee, Michigan, in October, offers a premium of $5 to the young lady "who will pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best."

Three passed through Council Grove, Kansas, since March, besides gold-seekers too numerous to be registered, 2,300 men, 1,970 wagons, 840 horses, 4,000 mules, 15,000 oxen, 73 carriages, and over 1,900 tons of freight. The value of this merchandise, stock, &c., is estimated at over one million five hundred thousand dollars.

An Indiana paper records the frightful effects of bad whiskey upon a person named Lewis.—After swallowing a glass he fell, and was seized with fierce spasms which drew his toes into the soles of his feet, his fingers into his hands, and bent his body into a circle. His jaws were locked fast and could not be opened.—Racked by these terrible convulsions, at intervals of one to five hours, the poor fellow has existed ten days.

A minister in Cincinnati, preaching recently, and probably having party names in his memory, while condemning long prayers, ejaculated fervently, "How much better than the long and empty prayer of the Pharisees, was *the prayer of the poor Republican, * * *.*" The excellent preacher proceeded hastily, trusting, without assurance, that his lapse had passed unnoticed.

The "Adam Bede" editorial controversy is not bated by the announcement of a London paper that Miss Mary Ann Evans is responsible for the work. It is now said in circles who profess to be as well posted on Literary affairs as any London paper, that "Adam Bede" is by the Rev. William Arthur, D. D., one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers of England, and author of the religious tale called "The Tongue of Fire."

A New York correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper, says:—"Among the visitors lately at the Astor was the Hon. Reverdy Johnson. He informs me that, in the course of a few months, he will go to Paris to have an eye (now blind) taken out. Some years ago, while witnessing a duel, the ball from the pistol of one of the parties struck a tree, and glancing into his eye, destroyed the sight. The serious operation of removing the whole ball of the eye has now become necessary, and surgeons here advise the resort to Paris skill."

The Great Eastern Steamship is larger than Noah's Ark and is of greater tonnage. It is therefore the largest ship ever built, and the only one which has two sets of engines and two propellers.

The Grand Commander of the Lodge of Malta in Watervliet has received an official notice of the expulsion of the Hon. D. E. Sickles from the Order. It is said that the gravest charge preferred against Sickles, and which led to his expulsion, was the killing of Key, who, at the time of his death, was G. R. J. A. of the Washington Lodge.

Indiana Divorces Worth Nothing.—The case of Julia Clark against Alvin B. Clark, which was tried before Judge Bacon at the last term of the Supreme Court, in June last, in Lewis County, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff upon all the issues of the case.—The action was brought against the defendant on the ground of adultery. The Court held that a divorce obtained in the State of Indiana, when the party goes there for the purpose of procuring such a divorce, and then returns to this State, is wholly inoperative and void.—*Albany Journal.*

Fanaticism.—An American lady is living in Jerusalem, under the impression that she is one of the two witnesses spoken of in Revelations, who is to suffer death in the streets of Jerusalem. This is her fourth visit to the "Holy City," which she styles "Sodom in Egypt."

The Administration have increased the efficiency of the African Squadron by deputing vessels of light draught to that coast. The joint treaty with England requires that the United States shall keep there a force of eighty guns, but by the recent arrangement on the part of President Buchanan's Administration, the number of our guns will be one hundred and sixteen. Four steamers are also to cruise in the neighborhood of Cuba.

Mendacity and Vagabondism.—The Grand Officers of Georgia have computed that at least nine tenths of the aid given by the Order to transient brethren as charity, is worse than thrown away, as it is bestowed upon a set of vagabonds who are making merchandise of Masonry. This is truly a frightful sum total, and the facts demand the attentive consideration of every thoughtful Mason.—*The Voice of Masonry.*

Mr. A. J. Kenney, of Belmont, Wisconsin, offers, in The Spirit of the Times, to bet $500 that Wat Jones, of Belmont, can raise a greater weight at arms' length than any man in the United States, and $1,000 that Jones can throw down, outrun, or outjump, any man in the world. The money, Mr. Jones says, is now ready.

A copyright costs fifty cents, and gives a monopoly for twenty years, whilst a patent costs fifteen dollars, and gives a monopoly for but seven years.

Michigan State Prison Contract.—A firm at Jackson has just taken a contract for the labor of 25 to 50 convicts, at 35 cents per day, to be employed in the manufacture of threshing machines, grain mills, hames and harness trimmings.

The official report of the chemists (Professors Torrey and Chilton), upon the Croton water, is understood to be all ready, and will be sent in to the City Fathers at their next meeting. It declares the stream and the lake perfectly pure, except that there is a minute vegetable, which has been produced, and to which the unpleasant taste is attributable; but we are told that no unwholesome results can come of that.

Texas Grapes.—In Caldwell County, Texas, the white Malaga grape, grafted on the common mustang of that State, has proved a complete success. No larger bunches, or grapes more uniformly ripe could be found anywhere.

A Clergyman Over the Falls.—On the 5th ultimo, the Rev. John A. McClung, a Presbyterian minister from Maysville, Kentucky, went into the Niagara River at Schlosser's Landing, about two miles above the Falls, to bathe, and was carried over the Falls. His body was found on the 10th at Youngstown, 15 miles below the Falls, and sent home for interment.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor accompanies her husband to California. They are to be absent three months, leaving their one daughter with her relatives in this State.

First Quaker Meeting in California.—On First day morning, July 31st, the room of the Board of Supervisors, in the City Hall, was entirely filled by those who desired to be present on the occasion of the first meeting of the Society of Friends in this State. Robert Lindsay and wife, who recently arrived in the country, are accredited ministers from the London Yearly Meeting. Robert Lindsay delivered a sermon of an hour's duration, marked by a simple eloquence, fervor and grace which charmed every hearer. His wife followed in a very brief and beautiful discourse.

It is charged that Brigham Young knew all the while that the recently detected counterfeiting of U. S. checks was going on inside of his premises, and of this there seems to be little doubt.

A despatch from Washington affirms that a full and final treaty of peace has been concluded between the friends of Messrs. Wise and Old, of The Richmond Enquirer and Examiner. The friends of the parties, it says, were thirty-six hours in settling the difficulty, "or about thirty hours more than Napoleon and Francis Joseph occupied in making peace after the late Italian war."

A foot-race took place a few days ago at Rochester, New York, between two men, called respectively "the American Deer" and "North Star." They ran five miles, for a wager of three hundred dollars. The Deer was not fleet enough for the Star, who made the five miles in thirty-seven minutes.

The statement asserting that President Geffrard had been offered and declined the dictatorship of Hayti, was merely a bold newspaper *canard*. At one of the sessions of the Chambers a formal denial of the statement was made, and copies sent to the different newspapers of Hayti.

The widow of Gen. Espinasse has requested the second regiment of Zouaves to accept her son as child of the regiment.

Mr. Wm. Spooner, of New Bedford, Conn., recently found in the garden of Mr. Irenus Gooding, of Malden, a two penny copper coin; on one side the *word* "Massathvsea," with a pine tree in the centre, and two rows of dots aroound the tree; on the other side are the words "Newengland, 1662, IL," circled with two rows of dots.

An heir is wanted for the Sherburne estate, the seat of which family was Stoneyhurst, England. It is valued at from ten to twenty millions sterling. It is an entailed property, descending to an oldest son. The family left England during the year 1,600. It was left without heir by the death of the eighth Duchess of Norfolk without issue.

A Tough Darkey.—At Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday week, while a number of workmen were hoisting a barrel of linseed oil to place on board a vessel, something in the tackle giving way, let the barrel fall fair and square on the head of a darkey who was in the hold. All supposed he was killed, but he escaped with a few slight cuts and a scare. His head proved too hard for the vessel, knocking both ends out, and so completely enveloping him that it had to be knocked to pieces to release him. While the wounds on his cranium were being dressed, he remarked, "Gor a mighty, guess dis 'ere darkey don't want any more ile on his har." So little was he damaged by the blow that the fellow went to work again the same day.

The last express from Pike's Peak to Leavenworth brought $16,000 in gold. The new State constitution is silent on slavery. The right of suffrage is restricted to whites. There were reports of rich gold discoveries near Cheyenne Pass, and there was a grand rush thither.

The secret ballot system of voting was inaugurated in New South Wales, at the last election there for members of Parliament, and worked well.

There are four Shaker Societies in Ohio, numbering 1,059 persons; one in Connecticut, numbering 200; two in Maine, numbering 150; two in New Hampshire, numbering 500; four in Massachusetts, numbering 709; two in Kentucky, numbering 900; three in New York, numbering 1,050; making in all eighteen societies, each constituted of several distinct families, or communities, regularly officiated with elders, deacons, care takers, &c., of both male and female orders, according to their unique custom, and numbering in all some 4,600 members.

Cincinnati and Wheeling have been also suffering from impure water—the Ohio river being tainted. Cause, decaying vegetable matter, carried by the rains into the river.

The Black Tongue—Deer Destroyed by Herds.—We learn that the disease known in the West and Southwest as "Black Tongue," is prevailing to a fearful extent among animals in the lower part of this State, the deer and cattle being the chief victims of its ravages.—Mr. David Rhodes informs the editor of the Ironton Furnace that he found fourteen dead deer at one pond in Bollinger county, Mo., and numbers of others scattered through the woods, some dead and others dying from the effects of the malady. In Wayne county no less than fifty were found dead near Greenwood Valley, in that county, and in the neighboring woods the air was loaded with the stench from their carcases. At the Falling Spring, in Carter county, Mo., thirty died in one night; and at Eleven Point, in Oregon county, a large number was found. The cattle have been attacked by the affection also; but its effects on them have not been as terrible as on the deer, which are threatened with utter extermination. The disease is the same, we presume, as that which caused such havoc among the deer of Florida about a year ago.—*St. Louis News.*

Alone she sat—alone! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, or grief hath known,
Of hope laid waste, knells in that word *alone*
—*Bulwer. The New Timon.*

☞ A Parisian dancing master advertises that he "keeps on hand a large stock of young gentlemen, all curled, dressed, gloved, well-mannered, &c., aged between twenty-one and twenty-eight, for hire to ball-givers who, having an unexpected dearth of male guests, desire to supply the deficiency. They cost a Napoleon a-piece, and are warranted to dance, to be animated, discreet, and moral."

☞ Wisdom consists not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.—*Terence.*

☞ The gold-hunters at Pike's Peak, now wish that the bright visions with which they set out had been *pro*-visions.

☞ We suppose that a man who never speaks, may be said always to keep his word.

☞ When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—*Pope.*

☞ The master of a magnificent and splendidly furnished mansion, should take care that he be not the one thing little amidst everything else that is great.

Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES,

AND

THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

[In Harriet Martineau's recent articles, she refers, as our readers will remember, to some excellent sketches upon the same subject, entitled "Our Farm of Four Acres"—which sketches we have concluded would also greatly interest our readers.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

CHAPTER I.

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

"Where shall we live?" that was a question asked by the sister of the writer, when it became necessary to leave London, and break up a once happy home rendered desolate by sudden bereavement.

"Ah! where indeed?" was the answer. "Where can we hope to find a house which will be suitable for ourselves, six children, and a small income?"

"Oh," answered H., "there can be no difficulty about that. Send for the *Times*, and we shall find dozens of places that will do for us."

So that mighty organ of information was procured, and its columns eagerly searched.

"But," said I, "what sort of place do we really mean to take?"

"That," replied H., "is soon settled. We must have a good-sized dining-room, small drawing-room, and a breakfast-room, which may be converted into a school-room. It must have a nursery and five good bed-chambers, a chaise-house, and stable for the pony and carriage; a large garden, and three or four acres of land, for we must keep a cow. It must not be more than eight miles from 'town,' or two from a station; it must be in a good neighborhood, and it must—"

"Stop! stop!" cried I; "how much do you intend to give a year, for all these conveniences?"

"How much? Why, I should say, we ought not to give more than £50."

"We *ought* not," said I gravely, "but I greatly fear we shall for that amount have to put up with a far inferior home to the one you contemplate. But come, let us answer a few of these advertisements; some of them depict the very place you wish for."

So after selecting those which, when they had described in bright colors the houses to be let, added, "Terms very moderate," we "presented compliments," to Messrs. A., B., C., D., and in due time received cards to view the "desirable country residences" we had written about. But our hopes of becoming the fortunate occupants of any one of those charming abodes were soon dashed to the ground; for, with the cards, came the terms; and we found that a "very moderate rental" meant from £120 to £150 per annum. We looked at each other rather ruefully; and the ungenerous remark of "I told you so," rose to my lips. However, I did not give it utterance, but substituted the words, "Never mind, let us send for another Times, and only answer those advertisements which state plainly the rent required." This time we enlarged our ideas on the subjects of rent and distance, and resolved, that if that beautiful place *near* Esher would suit us, we would not mind giving £60 a year for it.

In a few days arrived answers to our last inquiries. We fixed on the one which appeared the most eligible, but were a little dismayed to find that "near Esher" meant six miles from the station.

"Never mind," said H., resolutely, "the pony can take us to it in fine weather; and in winter we must not want to go to London."

We started the next morning by rail, and found the "Cottage" almost as pretty as it had appeared on paper. But, alas! it had been let the day previous to our arrival, and we had to return to town minus twenty-two shillings for our expenses.

The next day, nothing daunted—indeed rather encouraged by finding the house we had been really equal to our expectation—we set off to view another "villa," which, from the particulars we had received from the agent, appeared quite as attractive. This time we found the place tenantless; and, as far as we were concerned, it would certainly remain so. It had been represented as a "highly desirable country residence, and quite ready for the reception of a family of respectability." It was dignified with the appellation of "Middlesex Hall," and we were rather surprised when we found that this high-sounding name signified a mean looking place close to the road; and when the door was opened for our admission, that we stepped at once from the small front court into the drawing-room, from which a door opened into a stone kitchen. The rest of the accommodation corresponded with this primitive mode of entrance; the whole place was in what is commonly called a "tumble-down" condition; there was certainly plenty of garden, and two large meadows; but like the rest of the place, they were sadly out of order. When we said it was not at all the house we had expected to find, from reading the advertisement, we were asked what sort of house we expected to get for £63, with five acres of land? Now that is a question we could not have answered had we not seen the pretty cottage with nearly as much ground at Esher; however, we did not give the owner the benefit of our experience, but merely said that the house would not suit us, and drove back four miles to the station, rather out of spirits with the result of our day's work.

For more than a fortnight did we daily set forth on this voyage of discovery. One day we started with a card to view "a delightful Cottage Ornee, situated four miles from Weybridge;" this time the rent was still higher than any we had previously seen. When we arrived at the village in which the house was represented to be, we asked for "Heathfield House," and were told that no one knew of any residence bearing that name; we were a little perplexed, and consulted the card of admittance to see whether we had brought the wrong one—but no; there it was, "Heathfield House, four miles from Weybridge, surrounded by its own grounds of four acres, tastefully laid out in lawn, flower and kitchen-gardens, &c., &c. Rent only £70." We began to imagine that we were the victim of some hoax, and were just on the point of telling the driver to return to the station, when a dirty-looking man came to the carriage, and said,

"Are you looking for Heathfield House?"

"Yes," said we.

"Well, I'll show it to you."

"Is it far?" we asked; as no sign of a decent habitation was to be seen near us.

"No; just over the way," was the answer.

We looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a "brick carcase" standing on a bare, unhealthy piece of ground, without enclosure of any kind.

"That!" cried we; "it is impossible that can be the place we came to see!"

"Have you got a card from Mr. ——?" was the query addressed to us.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Very well; then if you will get out, I'll show it to you."

As we had come so far we thought we might as well finish the adventure, and accordingly followed our guide over the piece of rough muddy ground which led to the brick walls before us. We found them on a nearer inspection quite as empty as they appeared from the road, neither doors nor windows were placed in them, and the staircases were not properly fixed. It was with much trouble we succeeded in reaching the floor where the bed-chambers were to be, and found that not even the boards were laid down. We told our conductor that the place would not suit us, as we were compelled to remove from our present residence in three weeks.

"Well, if that's all that hinders your taking it, I'll engage to get it all ready in that time."

"What! get the staircases fixed, the doors and windows put in, the walls papered and painted?"

"Yes," was answered in a confident tone, which expressed indignation at the doubt we had implied.

We then ventured to say, "That, allowing he could get the house ready by the time we required to move, we saw no sign of the coach-house and stable, lawn or flower-garden, kitchen-garden or meadow."

"As for the coach-house and stable," said the showman, "I can get your horses put up in the village."

We hastened to disclaim the *horses*, and humbly confessed that our stud consisted of one pony only.

"The less reason to be in a hurry for the stable, you can put one pony anywhere; and as for the lawn and gardens, they will be laid out when the house is let; and the heath will be levelled and sown for a meadow, and anything else done for a good tenant that is in reason."

We were likewise assured that wonders had been done already, for that four months ago the ground was covered with furze. We got rid of our talkative friend with the promise that we would "think of it;" and, indeed, we *did* think, that Mr. ——, who was a very respectable house-agent, ought to ascertain what sort of places were placed in his hands before he sent people on such profitless journeys. The expense attending this one amounted to nearly thirty shillings.

Another week was passed in a similar manner, in going distances varying from ten to twenty-five miles daily in pursuit of houses which we were induced to think must suit us, but when seen proved as deceptive as those I have mentioned. We gained nothing by our travels but the loss of time, money, and hope. At last the idea entered our heads of going to some of the house-agents, and looking over their books.

Our first essay was at the office of Mr. A. B. in Bond street. "Have you any houses to let at such a distance from town, with such a quantity of land, such a number of rooms," &c., &c.,

"Oh, yes, madam," said the smiling clerk, and immediately opened a large ledger; "what rent do you propose giving?"

"From £50 to £70 yearly," answered we, and felt how respectable we must appear in the opinion of the smart gentleman whom we addressed; how great then was our surprise when he closed his large volume with a crash, and, with a look of supreme contempt, said: "We have nothing of that kind in *our* books." To use one of Fanny Kemble's expressions, "We felt mean," and left the office of this aristocratical house-agent half ashamed of our humble fortunes.

I fear I should tire the patience of the reader, did I detail all our "adventures in search of a house," but we must entreat indulgence for our last journey. We once more started on the South-Western line, to see a house which, from the assurances we had received from the owner, resident in London, must at last be *the* house, and for which the rent asked was £70; but once more were we doomed to disappointment by finding that the "handsome dining and drawing-rooms" were two small parlors, with doors opening into each other; and that "five excellent bedchambers" were three small rooms and two wretched attics.

From the station to this place was four miles; and, as weary and hopeless we were returning to it, it occurred to H. to ask the driver if he knew of any houses to let in the vicinity. He considered, and then said, he only knew of one, which had been vacated some time, and that parties who had been to see it would not take it because it was situated in a bad neighborhood.

At the commencement of our search that would have been quite sufficient to have deterred us from looking at it, but we could not now afford to be fastidious. Our own house was let, and move from it we must in less than a fortnight, so we desired the driver to take us into this bad neighborhood, and were rewarded for the additional distance we travelled by finding an old-fashioned, but very convenient house, with plenty of good-sized rooms in excellent repair, a very pretty flower-garden of one acre, an orchard of the same extent well stocked with fine fruit-trees, three acres of good meadow land, an excellent coach-house and stabling, with houses for cows, pigs and poultry, all in good order.

AMUSING AND POPULAR SPORT. INTENDED FOR SMALL BOYS.

INDEPENDENT BOY.—"I say, old feller, what did you have for your breakfast?"

CHARCOALMAN (*disregarding the impertinent interruption*).—"Charc—o—o—o—o—o—l!!!"

BOY.—"I knew it; and what makes yer face so dirty?"

CHARCOALMAN (*mournfully*).—"Charc—o—o—o—o—o—l!!!"

(Intense delight of impudent boy. Man drives off, vainly endeavoring to call to mind the last time that he washed his face.)

The "bad neighborhood" was not so very bad. The cottages just outside the gates were small, new buildings; and once inside, you saw nothing but your own grounds. It possessed the advantage of being less than two miles from a station, and not more than twelve from London.

"This will do," we both exclaimed, "if the rent is not too high."

We had been asked £120 for much inferior places; so that it was with great anxiety we directed our civil driver to take us to the party who had the disposal of the house. When there, we met with the welcome intelligence, that house, gardens, orchard, meadows and buildings, were all included in a rental of £74 per annum. We concluded the bargain there and then, and on that day fortnight took possession of "Our Farm of Four Acres."

Before we close this chapter, we will address a few words to such of our readers as may entertain the idea that houses in the country may be had "for next to nothing." We had repeatedly heard this asserted, and when we resolved to give £60 a-year, we thought that we should have no difficulty in meeting with a respectable habitation for that sum, large enough for our family and with the quantity of land we required, as well as within a moderate distance of London. We have already told the reader how fallacious we found this hope to be. Houses within forty or fifty miles of London, in what are called "good situations," are nearly, if not not quite as high rented, as those in the suburbs, and land worth quite as much. If at any time a "cheap place" is to be met with, be quite sure that there is some drawback to compensate for the low price.

In our pilgrimages to empty houses, we frequently found some which were low-rented, that is, from £40 to £50 per annum; but either they were much smaller than we required, or dreadfully out of repair, or else they were built "Cockney fashion," semi detached, or, as was frequently the case, situated in a locality which for some reason or the other was highly objectionable. We always found rents lower in proportion to the distance from a station.

We one day went to Beaconsfield to view a house, and had a fly from Slough, a drive of several miles. The house was in the middle of the town, large and convenient, with good garden and paddock; the whole was offered us for £40 yearly; and we should have taken it, had not it been in such a dismantled condition that the agent, in whose hands it was placed, informed us that though he had orders to put it in complete repair, he would not promise it would be fit for occupation under several months. The office of this gentleman was next door to Mr. A. B.'s, in Bond street; and we are bound to state, that though we said that we did not wish to give more than £60, we were treated with respect; and several offered us under these terms, though attended with circumstances which prevented our availing ourselves of them.

The house we at last found was not, as regarded situation, what we liked; not because of the cottages close to the entrance, but for the reason that there was no "view," but from the top windows; as far as the lower part of the house was concerned, we might as well have been in the Clapham Road. It is true we looked into gardens, front and back, but that was all; and we had to go through two or three streets of the little town in which we were located whenever we left the house for a walk. Still we were, on the whole, well pleased with our new home, and in the next chapter will tell the reader how we commenced a life so different to that we had been accustomed to lead.

CHAPTER II.

OUR FIRST DIFFICULTY.

Once fairly settled in our new habitation, and all the important affairs attending the necessary alterations of carpets, curtains, &c., being nearly finished, we began to wonder what we were to do with "Our Farm of Four Acres." That we must keep a cow was acknowledged by both; and the first step to be taken was to buy one. The small town in which our house was situated boasted of a market weekly, and there we resolved to make the important purchase. Accordingly, we sent our man-of-all-work to inspect those offered for sale. Shortly he returned, accompanied by a small black cow, with a calf a week old. We purchased these animals for £10; and it was very amusing to see all the half-dozen children running into the stable-yard, with their little cups, to enjoy the first fruits of their country life. But, what proved far more of a treat than the new milk was the trouble of procuring it, for the cow proved a very spiteful one, and knocked the unfortunate milker, with his pail, "head-over-heels." As he was not in the least hurt, the juveniles were allowed to laugh as long as they pleased; but H. and myself looked rather grave at the idea of having the milk knocked down as soon as there was about a quart in the pail. We were, therefore, greatly reassured when told that "Madame Sukey" would be quiet and tractable as soon as her calf was taken away. "Then why not take it at once?" said I; but was informed that we must not deprive her of it for a week. However, I am bound to confess that our first week's farming turned out badly, for the cow would not be milked quietly, and every morning we were informed that two men were obliged to be called in to hold her while she was milked. At the end of the week we sold the calf for £1, and after a month the cow became on quite friendly terms with her milker, and has proved ever since very profitable to our small dairy.

We did not contemplate making butter with one cow, as we thought so large a household would consume all the milk. Very soon, however, "nurse" complained that "the milk was 'too rich' for the children; it was not in the least like London milk; it must either be watered or skimmed for the little ones: but she would rather have it skimmed." That was done, and for a whole fortnight H. and myself used nothing but cream in our tea and coffee.

At first this was a great luxury, and we said continually to each other how delightful it was to have such a dainty in profusion. Soon, like the children, we began to discover it was "too good for us," and found that we liked plenty of new milk much better for general use; besides, consume as much as we would, we had still more than we wanted: so we invested three pounds some odd shillings in a churn and other requisites, and thought with great satisfaction of the saving we should effect in our expenses by making our own butter. But now arose a difficulty which had not previously occurred to us—who was to make it? Our domestic servants both declared that they could not do so, and the elder one, who had been many years in the family, was born and bred in London, and detested the country and everything connected with it, gave her opinion in the most decided manner, that there was quite enough "muck" in the house already, without making more work with butter-making; which, she said confidently, would only be fit for the pig when it was made. Here was a pretty state of things! what were we to do? must we give up all hope of eating our butter, and regard the money as lost which we had expended for the churn! &c. After a few minutes' bewilderment, the idea occurred to both of us at the same moment: Cannot we make the butter, and be independent of these household rebels?"

"But," said I dolefully, "we don't in the least know how to set about it."

"What of that?" replied H.: "where was the use of expending so much money in books relative to a country life, as you did before we left town, if they are not to enlighten our ignorance on country matters? But one thing is certain, we cannot make butter till we have learnt *how*; so let us endeavor to obtain the requisite knowledge to do so to-morrow."

We accordingly devoted the remainder of the day to consulting the various books on domestic and rural economy we had collected together previous to leaving London. Greatly puzzled we were by them. On referring to the subject of butter-making, one authority said, "you must never wash the butter, but only knock it on a board, in order to get the butter-milk from it." Another only told us to "well cleanse the butter-milk from it," without giving us an idea how the process was to be accomplished; while the far-famed Mrs. Rundle, in an article headed "Dairy," tells the dairymaid to "keep a book in which to enter the amount of butter she makes," and gives but little idea how the said butter is to be procured. Another authority said, "after the butter is come, cut it in pieces to take out the cow-hairs;" this appeared to us the oddest direction of all, for surely it was possible to remove them from the cream before it was put into the churn. We were very much dissatisfied with the amount of practical knowledge we gleaned from our books; they seemed to us written for the benefit of those who already were well acquainted with the management of a dairy, and consequently of very little service to those who wished to acquire the rudiments of the art of butter making.

The next morning we proceeded to make a trial, and the first thing we did was to strain the cream through a loose fine cloth into the churn, then taking the handle, we began to turn it vigorously;* the weather was hot, and after churning for more than an hour, there seemed as little prospect of butter as when we commenced. We stared at each other in blank amazement. Must we give it up? No; that was not to be thought of. H. suddenly remembered, that somewhere she had heard that in warm weather you should put the churn in cold water. As ours was a box one, we did not see how we could manage this; but the bright idea entered her head, that if we could not put the water outside the churn, we might *in*; so we pumped a quart of spring water into it, and churned away with fresh hopes; nor were we disappointed; in about a quarter of an hour, we heard quite a different sound as we turned the handle, which assured us that the cream had undergone a change, and taking off the lid—(how many times had we taken it off before!)—we saw what at that moment appeared the most welcome sight in the world—some lumps of rich, yellow butter. It was but a small quantity, but there it was; the difficulty was overcome so far. But now there arose the question of what we were to do with it in order to clean it from the butter-milk, for all our authorities insisted on the necessity of this being done, though they did not agree in the mode of doing it. One said, "if it was washed, that it would not keep good, because water soon became putrid, and so would the butter." We were told by another book, "that if it was *not* washed it would be of two colors, and dreadfully rank." We thought that it would be easier not to wash it, and we had it had enough to justify the term *muck*, which was applied to it by the kitchen oracles, who rejoiced exceedingly in our discomfiture. We left the dairy, half inclined to abjure butter-making for the future. In a day or two we began to reflect, that, as we had a "Farm of Four Acres," we must manage to do something with it, and what so profitable to a large family as making butter! So, when we had collected sufficient cream, we tried again, and this time with great success. We commenced as before, by straining the cream, and then taking the handle of the churn, we turned it more equally than we had done before; in half an hour we heard the welcome sound, which proclaimed that the "butter was come." This time we washed it well; it was placed in a pan under the pump, and the water suffered to run on it till not the least milkiness appeared in it; we then removed it to a board that had been soaking for some time in cold water, salted it to our taste, and afterwards, with two flat boards, such as buttermen use in London shops, made it up into rolls. It was as good as it could be, and we were delighted to think that we had conquered all the difficulties attending its manufacture; but we had yet to discover the truth of the proverb, that "one swallow does not make a summer."

* Ninety times in a minute is the proper time in which the handle should be turned.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN ELECTRICITY.

There are few experiments in that interesting subject, electricity, that can be successfully practiced by the young, on account of the expense attending them and the apparatus required to perform the experiment; but I give below a very interesting one, which, I believe, originated with myself, and which can be performed by any trio having in their possession the simple articles named. Procure four glass tumblers or common glazed teacups, and having wiped them dry as possible, hold them over the fire to evaporate any moisture which may still adhere to their surface; for if there is the least moisture it makes a connection, and spoils the experiment. Place them upon the floor in a square, about one foot apart, place a piece of board upon the tumblers, and and have a person standing upon the board. This person is now completely insulated, the glass being a non conductor of electricity. Now take a common rubber comb, and having wound a piece of silk around one end of it, rub it briskly through your hair, and draw the teeth parallel to the insulated person's knuckles, leaving a little space between the comb and the person's hand. The result will be a sharp, crackling noise, and, if dark, there will be seen a succession of sparks. Repeat the process until the phenomena ceases. The person is now "charged" with electricity, the same as a Leyden jar. To draw off the electricity, approach your knuckles to the person's hands or his nose (being careful not to allow any portion of your body to come in contact with his,) and there will be a loud snap and the sparks will be very brilliant. If a cat be held so that the charged person can place his knuckles in proximity with the animal's nose, it will suddenly appear as if it were in contact with an electric-battery. A glass bottle may be used in lieu of the comb, but is not so well adapted for the purpose. Much amusement may be derived from this extremely simple experiment, and I hope some of your numerous young readers will hasten to try it for themselves.—S. H. GREENLEAF, *in Scientific American.*

HOW TO TEST EGGS.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says:

"There is no difficulty whatever in testing eggs; they are mostly examined by a candle. Another way to tell good eggs is to put them in a pail of water, and if they are good they will lay on their sides, always; if bad, they will stand on their small end, the large end always uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore, a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in water—always end up, never on its side. Any egg that lies flat is good to eat, and can be depended upon. An ordinary mode is to take them into a room moderately dark, and hold them between the eye and a candle or lamp. If the egg be good—that is if the albumen is still unaffected—a light will shine through with a reddish glow; while, if affected, it will be opaque or dark."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 4, 37, 17, is the Goddess of Revenge.

My 11, 16, 16, 4, is a mountain in Thessaly, once the residence of the Centaurs.

My 33, 28, 14, 33, 17, was the mother of Venus.

My 6, 15, 14, 33, 35, 34, 16, was one of the Cyclops who forged Jove's thunderbolts.

My 22, 41, 7, 30, 34, was the fairest of the Naiads.

My 9, 2, 8, 41, 22, 16, was one of the Argonauts, afterwards King of Elis.

My 10, 2, 18, 43, 20, 36, 12, was a river that seperated Italy from Gaul.

My 13, 32, 1, 1, 36, 13, 22, was the Goddess of Horses.

My 26, 26, 29, 25, 28, was a city of Phocis, built on the hill of Parnassus.

My 40, 28, 31, 4, 41, was a name sometimes applied to the Furies.

My 42, 2, 44, 20, 22, 12, was the son of Jupiter and Juno.

My 3, 33, 39, 18, 6, 2, 16, was a King of Athens, and one of the most famous heroes of antiquity.

My 42, 19, 20, 2, 23, 9, was the Goddess of Rest and Ease.

My 21, 44, 14, 1, 18, 3, 11, 29, 21, was a German poet of great repute.

My 33, 27, 43, 8, 13, 37, was a celebrated American divine and belles-letter writer.

My whole is an old and well known saying.

Berthania, N. C. O. J. LEHMAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 24, 18, 20, 9, is a mountain in ancient Greece.

My 11, 7, 19, is a river in Russia.

My 12, 24, 3, 7, is a cape on the east coast of Mexico.

My 31, 4, 38, is a lake in British America.

My 14, 2, 27, 21, is a river in Brazil

My 38, 24, 37, 7, 17, are islands in the Pacific Ocean, west of Peru.

My 1, 6, 33, 5, 24, 6, is a county in Tennessee.

My 20, 15, 23, 10, 29, 11, 35, 11. is the largest of the Leeward Islands.

My 24, 11, 13, 35, is a river in Prussia.

My 18, 15, 6, 39, is one of the great lakes.

My 23, 28, 19, 25, 32, 31, 17, 16, 28, is one of the United States.

My 34, 19, 3, is a cape on the east coast of Massachusetts.

My 17, 26, 37, 38, 16, is a cape on the south coast of Florida.

My whole were celebrated words of Lord Camden's. J. G. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILL WINDSOR

If in the country you should dwell,
Cast your eye on yonder tree,—
When shades of night begin to fall,
My first you're almost sure to see.

Then turn and look on yonder field,
Gently waving to and fro,—
In time, my second it will yield,
I'm sure that you will say 'tis so.

My third is an auxiliary verb,
A word most common you'll declare,
You cannot say you've found me out,
Unless my third you bring to bear.

My fourth is often highly prized;
Though small, 'tis often held most dear;
It brings to mind the absent one,
And often draws the loving tear.

Now look upon my fourth again,
When you're retiring for the night,
For ill indeed might you befall,
If you my fourth should wholly slight.

My whole was one both brave and true,
A soldier of the cross and crown,
A Christian true, a soldier brave,
One worthy honor and renown.

Philadelphia.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No hore.	Pure ore.
Non old.	Helcon's rest.
Dal nib.	Trubed gin.
Haw, not sing.	Harten.
Cell dan.	Noah came rite.
Prais.	Ha cin.

Tiffin, Ohio. U. F. CRAMER.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a building 30 feet in length and 22 feet in width, and the eaves project beyond the wall 1 foot on every side; the roof terminates in a point at the centre of the building, and is there supported by a post, the top of which is 10 feet above the beams on which the rafters rest. Now, I would like to know what is the distance from the foot of the post to the corners of the eaves? and what is the length of a rafter reaching to the middle of one side—a rafter reaching to the middle of one end; and a rafter reaching to the corners of the eaves. Will one of the many happy readers of the Post please inform me? JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

Cedarville, Illinois.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the Caspian Sea like a prison to a prisoner? Ans.—Because it has no outlet.

☞ Why is a furnished chamber like a river? Ans.—Because it has a bed.

☞ Why was there a panic in the early days of Moses? Ans.—Because there were rushes on the banks, and Pharaoh's daughter withdrew a valuable deposit.

☞ Why is a newly born baby like a gale of wind? Ans.—Because it begins with a squall.

☞ Of what particular fruits must Paul Morphy be very fond? Ans.—Checker-berries and Chestnuts.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Alexander Tassoni. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The War of the Revolution. CHARADE—Squillace. RIDDLE—C O A T (Coat). CHARADE—Horse-Chestnut. ANAGRAMS—Williams, Moultrie, Montgomery, Summit, Montour, Medina, Hamilton, Wyandott. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—6 circles.

A TENNESSEE FARMER DONE OUT OF $3,000 BY GIPSIES.

On the 13th of last month, a woman, calling herself Mrs. Rivers, called, with her husband and two children, on a wealthy farmer named Hezekiah Ferris, at his farm in Winchester, Franklin county, Tennessee. The visitors were gipsies, and made an arrangement to stop with Mr. Ferris and his family awhile, having first interested them with exhibitions of seemingly marvellous tricks. The host was much attracted by the apparently wonderful powers possessed by the woman Rivers, and in less than three days was cajoled by her into a belief that a treasure of $100 000 was secreted on his farm, and that it could be regained by proper witch process. For the accomplishment of this object, Ferris's ambition was soon fired, and he and the gipsy woman immediately set about the course of the incantation.

Three thousand dollars in gold were necessary for the purpose—so he was made to believe—and as he did not happen to have money at hand, he borrowed the whole sum of a neighbor, getting $1,295 in bank bills, and $1,705 in gold coin. At night the woman Rivers and himself entered a room alone, with a lighted candle, and locked the door against intrusion. A trunk previously provided was then opened, and the incantation commenced. The process was carried on by the woman at first, who tied the money up in a coarse light handkerchief, and untied it several times, meanwhile turning about with quick motions, and constantly muttering unintelligible gibberish. When this farcical performance was ended, she and Ferris knelt, while she blasphemously offered a prayer, addressed in all mock solemnity to the Giver of all.

The bundle she had apparently made of the money was then in due form deposited in the trunk, which was locked, and she retained the key. Together they then left the room, she having previously impressed him with a belief that the deposit just made in the trunk should rest there undisturbed by mortal hands for ten days, at the expiration of which time, if he had unalterably adhered to her instructions, he would find the coveted $100,000 on opening the trunk. At the end of the third day of their stay there, the gipsy family departed, the key of the trunk being taken with them. After the woman had gone, it seems that Ferris grew suspicious that perhaps all was not right in the transaction; but he nevertheless overcame his doubts, and awaited with all the patience he could summon for the arrival of the time when he could see himself whether he had been duped or not. He kept the matter to himself for the remainder of the ten days, and then the trunk was forced open. There lay within it the identical parcel he had seen put there by the woman Rivers. A slight notion of "all right" touched his feelings, and he hastened to open the covering, and lo! there were not the $100,000, nor the $3,000, but trash equal in bulk to the money he had entrusted to the hands of the false woman Rivers.

He cast about at once to find the female that had thus cajoled him, but the bird had flown, and was doubtless far beyond reach; but he was told that a few miles away there was another gipsy. To this one he hastily went, and consulted her. Of course she knew all about the others who had visited him, and told him they had used false names, that their real names were James and Elizabeth Trail. She further said that they belonged in Murphytown, near New York city.

Forthwith he came to this city. A mercantile acquaintance introduced him to Captain Leonard, of the 26th Precinct, on last Thursday, who, after hearing the story of his loss, gave him the solution that the money had been taken and the worthless stuff he found in its stead substituted probably at the time when the evening incantation was made. He also informed him that the gipsy who had given him the "Murphytown" information had undoubtedly been a decoy of those who had robbed him, placed where he would be likely to hear of and consult her, after his loss should be discovered, in order to send him off on a "wild goose chase," as there is no such place as "Murphytown" in the vicinity of New York. Officer Barry was, however, directed to give attention to the matter, but he was unable to get the slightest clue to the parties. Ferris remained at the Stevens House until Tuesday, when he returned home, feeling no doubt a much wiser man than when he left there, though any one of common sense, on seeing him, would say that he was "old enough to know better."—*N. Y. Express, 24th ult.*

An Imperial Combination.—The New York Evening Post translates an important manifesto of Mazzini, in which occurs the following passages:

The peace of Villa Franca is the inauguration of a new Holy Alliance between the three Powers that represent despotism in Europe—imperial France, Russia and Austria. The object of the alliance is, according to phrases spoken at Plombieres and Stuttgard, to imperialize Europe by overpowering by means of deception the national ideas, and substituting the question of territory for the question of liberty. The means—following the war in Lombardy—are the dividing between the three members of the Alliance of the Mohammedan possessions in Europe and Africa, and a war against England.

If Austria had not accepted the proposals of Villa Franca, the plans would have been carried on, though in a modified manner, by the Emperor and Czar. Hungary, emancipated from Austria, would have shared the fate of Constantinople; the Mediterranean, become a French lake, would have been given to the Emperor; Russia would have been, directly or indirectly, the mistress of the north and east of Europe, while Imperial France would rule the west and south. At present, the designs of the three Powers are limited, as I said, to the dismemberment of Oriental Europe and war against England and Prussia.

I affirm, not from mere conjecture, but by knowledge of the fact, the existence of these designs. I assert that the bases of the treaty between the Emperor and the Czar, relating to the Orient, were conveyed from Paris by La Ronciere, during his last mission to St. Petersburg, a little before the war in Lombardy broke out. I assert that the preparations of war, particularly the maritime arrangements, continue in France more actively than ever. There lives in Europe one who knows the truth of which I speak, and could confirm my statements, but will not do it; nor will I betray him who thus prefers to be silent.

A league, headed by England, and comprising England, Prussia, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain and the other minor States of Europe, should declare itself security for the independence and liberty of each State, for all that concerns its internal affairs, and protect, even to the risk of war, that liberty and that independence, against any invader whatever; should cut off at the root the designs of imperialism; should wean the populace forever from its seductions; should make new wars impossible by the overpowering military force that the league could send to the field, and thus isolate the empire.

Such a league is not only possible, but easy to combine. The whole of Europe to-day is in dread of the invading tendencies of imperialism.

Fortress Monroe.—This fortress, in Virginia, mounts 285 guns, which throw at one discharge 12,417 pounds of iron. It has also 10 mortars and 5 siege howitzers. The new fort commonly known as the Rip Raps, will, when completed, mount 108 8 inch columbiads and 54 42 pound guns, all casemated, and 8 10-inch columbiads and 46 9-inch do., all *embarbette*. These guns are of the heaviest class, and capable of throwing an enormous weight of shot.

Boxing with the Feet.—A correspondent of the New York Post repeats the story of the Zouaves fighting with their feet, which has been ridiculed as absurd. He says:

"In the recent accounts of the Zouaves we are told that they also employ in battle *la Savate*, or the art of kicking. Having often heard of this, I one day asked our teacher in the gymnasium at Paris if he knew it.

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Well, give us a specimen of it.'

"'Very well, place yourself in position as a boxer.'

"I did so, and he advanced toward me with his hands a little out from his sides, like a wrestler ready to take hold in any way.

"'Now I can kick you on your forward leg, and break the bone or hurt you. While you are disturbed by that, or in case you draw it back, I can raise my foot to your stomach or your chin.'

"'Well, suppose you should kick at my chin, I would catch your foot. Then what would you do?'

"'Well, try it.'

"He kicked and I caught his foot, but while I held it firmly, he turned, threw both hands on the ground to support his body, and instantaneously brought his other foot so near my nose that I let go of his foot in a moment.

"'That is very clever. Is there any parry to that?'

"'Oh, yes. It is very simple. You do what I did, and I'll show you.'

"I kicked; he caught my foot; I turned, threw myself on my hands, and thought of course to kick him with my other foot; but he simply put one foot firmly against the thigh of my other leg, and I was powerless.—There was in his movements also this same startling rapidity. The kicks were like flashes of lightning, and the hands constantly ready for a grapple or a blow. From what I saw I have a most respectful dislike to *la Savate*, or, as we would say in English, the Old Shoe."

A Young Lady's Pastime in Paris.—A Paris correspondent of the "Perth Amboy Journal," says that there is a new fashionable epidemic raging in the French capital; a sort of young ladies' work, the results of which will last for many generations:

"The process is this: You buy a set of porcelain (Sevres if you choose), as expensive or cheap as your taste or your purse will admit of; on these you paint heads, landscapes, flowers, or whatever you fancy, with paints prepared for the purpose. Then you send it to the porcelain baker, who bakes it three times, which so fixes the colors that they become permanent, and will last as long as the china. I have seen a complete tea set painted by a young lady, which could not be painted for a thousand dollars. Every plate, cup, saucer, preserve dish, and cake basket was different, and very beautiful. Of course, the baker must thoroughly understand his business, for a minute too long in the oven, or the oven too hot, may destroy all. An artist who had spent many months painting a piece for the Exhibition at the Palace d'Industrie, among the collection of living artists, had it cracked in the oven by want of sufficient care. The porcelain plate alone had cost some hundred dollars.—Not long since, a baker fell asleep and broke $8,000 worth of porcelain, for which he was obliged to pay, and was consequently ruined. I do not know if you have porcelain bakers in the United States, but if you had, you would find this far preferable to many other pastimes in vogue."

The Western Corn Crop.—The luxuriant appearance of the growing corn throughout the West is the subject of general remark.—The Cincinnati Commercial of Wednesday week says:—

The prospects for a corn crop of full average yield throughout the region of country about which there was recently so much apprehension, have been well re-assured by the generous rains of the last two weeks, and the increased amount of land planted throughout the West, will make the yield of this great staple, if present anticipations are realized, much greater than ever before gathered. We are informed by a gentleman extensively engaged in farming in the central portion of the State, that there are farmers who will willingly contract for 3,000 to 5,000 bushels of corn, deliverable monthly after the crop is fully ready to be marketed, at 60 cents per bushel. This last of the year's promises of fullness should indeed inspire our unreserved gratitude. Prices must be submitted to by producers that will set the wheels of commerce in motion, relieve the country of debt, and establish a firm basis for the resumption of a new career of prosperity and progress.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says of the "items column" in the newspapers, that it "is worth more than all the small fry of correspondents, with an editor thrown in to boot! Like a caravan, it stretches along its columns, with packages and parcels, spices and gems, bits of fragrance or cunningly wrought metals, gathered from the Orient and from the whole world besides. The items of the paper, like the stuffing of a Thanksgiving turkey, represent everything in the house, crusts of bread, crackers, and all spices."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—49 head I Abrahams, Fayette co, 9@9¼; 20 D Eckman, Chester co, 9@10; 60 Mooney & Smith, Ohio, 8@9; 77 Murphy & Co, Va, 9@9¼; 30 B Gray, Ill, 8¼@9; 15 Kahn & Frank, ind, 4¼@4¾; 46 W Jutter, Ill, 8@8½; 20 M Sheiby, Berks co, 7¼@9; 33 G Underwood 8¼@10; 65 E McQuaid, Ohio, 8@8¾; 34 J Bruback, Chester co, 8@9. Sheep—About 4000 head arrived and sold at former prices. Cows—About 60 head arrived and sold at from $25 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—52 head P Hathaway, Ohio, 7@8¼; 47 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 8¼@9¼; 84 B Seldomridge, Ohio, 7@8¼; 21 W Alexander, Chester co, 9@9¼; 27 Cochran, Md, 7¼@8¼; 73 Chancellor, do, 7¼@8¼; 24 J Menat, Del co, 9¼.

At Imhoff's Hog market 1500 head arrived and sold at $8 to 8,75 ₱ 100 lbs, according to quality.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 27, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks ¼ dis	
Relief notes ¼ dis		South Carolina.	
New Jersey.		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Alabama.	
Delaware.		Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Mississippi.	
Maryland.		All bks uncertain	
Baltimore ¼ dis		Louisiana.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
New York.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Maine.		Kentucky.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
New Hampshire.		Indiana.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		State bank ¼ dis	
Vermont.		Illinois.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks 3 dis	
Connecticut.		Missouri.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Massachusetts.		Tennessee.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Old banks 2½ dis	
Rhode Island.		Michigan.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks 2 dis	
Virginia.		Wisconsin.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		Solv bks 2 dis	
Dist. of Columbia.		Texas.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
North Carolina.		Canada.	
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis		Solv bks 1 dis	

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 174—Adults 84, and children 90.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market continues in the same state of inactivity which we have recorded from week to week for some time past, and with little or no shipping demand, and very little inquiry for home consumption, prices continue to have a downward tendency. The receipts are small—hardly up to the demands for home use, and there is little or no accumulation of stocks. Sales of 3000 bbls at $4,75 ₱ bbl for sound old stock; $5@5,25 for fresh ground superfine; $5,50@5,62½ for Extra, and $6,37½ for Extra Family. The sales to the home trade have been within the range of these figures, and Extra Family and Fancy at $5,75@6,75, as in quality. Rye Flour—There is but little inquiry. The receipts and stocks, however, are small, and prices steady. Sales of 150 bbls at $3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal continues very dull, with light receipts and a very limited inquiry. Sales of 300 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,62½ ₱ bbl, and 450 bbls Brandywine at about $4.

WHEAT—The receipts of Wheat since our last notice from the South have materially increased, but from the interior they have been very trifling. The demand has been less active, and at the close we reduce our quotations 2@3c ₱ bus. The sales comprise 40,000 bus, ranging from $1,16 to $1,22 for fair and prime Red—chiefly at $1,20 for the latter description; $1@1,10 for inferior do; $1,27@1,32 for good and prime White, and $1,18@1,20 for inferior do; $1,18@1,20 ₱ bus for prime Red, and $1,27@1,26 for White. Rye continues in demand for distilling, but the receipts are trifling. Old Pennsylvania is held at 80c. Sales of 1100 bus new do at 74@77c. 2000 bus new Southern sold at 70c, and 400 bus at 72c. Corn—The receipts have somewhat increased, but the demand has been active, and prices have again advanced 1c ₱ bus. Sales of 18,000 bus prime Southern and Pennsylvania Yellow at 80@82c, part in store—closing at the latter rate for prime; some White at 78½c, and 3200 bus damaged at 75@80c. Oats—The receipts have fallen off and they are in good demand at full prices. Sales of 12,000 bus at 37@38c for old Pennsylvania, and 35@36c for new Delaware and Maryland—chiefly of the latter description.

PROVISIONS—Trade generally has been quiet since our last notice, but supplies of all descriptions come forward slowly, and with moderate stocks, prices have undergone but little change. The demand for Pork is limited, and sells only in a small way at $15,50@16 ₱ bbl for Mess, and $13,50@14 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef sells, in lots, for ship's stores at $12@16, cash. Western Beef ranges from $10 to 14, as to quality. Bacon—There is a moderate inquiry for the supply of the South, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 200 casks Hams mostly at 12c; uncanvassed do at 10½@11c; 150 casks Sides, in lots, at 9½@10c, and 80 casks Shoulders at 7½@8c, cash and on time. Of Green Salted Meats the stock is extremely light, and there is very little coming forward. Small sales of Hams at 10c; 100 casks Sides at 8¾c, and 150 casks Shoulders at 7@7½c—now held at 7¾c, 60 days. Lard continues dull and prices are drooping. Sales of tcs and bbls at 11¼@11¾c, and kegs at 12@12½c, on time. Butter meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of Penna and Western solid packed and Roll at 11@14c ₱ lb, according to freshness. Cheese continues to command 9½@10c. Eggs are selling at 13½@14c ₱ dozen. Potatoes continues plenty and dull. Sales of Round at $1@1,25 ₱ bbl, and Sweet at $2@3,50 ₱ bbl, and 70@75c ₱ bus.

COTTON—The market has been extremely quiet since our last notice—the demand being quite limited. The sales reach 1200 bales at 10½c for low grade, up to 13½c ₱ lb, cash, for middling fair Upland, and 11@13½c for New Orleans, including some lots of Alabama at 13¾c, and samples at 11c ₱ lb, on time.

BARK—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, and prices are firm. Sales of 200 hhds No 1 at $28 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark there is very little coming forward. Small sales of Chestnut Oak at $11, and Spanish at $13 ₱ cord. Red Oak Bark is not wanted.

BEESWAX is unchanged, and there is very little offering. Sales of 2000 lbs Yellow at 26@26c ₱ lb, cash.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet since our last notice, but without change in prices. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 100 bags Laguayra at 12c, and a lot of Java at 15c ₱ lb, all on time.

COPPER—Copper continues dull. English Sheathing is held at 37c; and Yellow Metal at 20@21c, with limited sales.

COAL—There is very little animation in the market, and orders come in slowly, but there is no alteration to note in prices; business, however, is dull for the season.

FEATHERS are very dull. Small sales of Western at 45@47c ₱ lb.

FRUIT continues quiet. Green Apples are arriving freely, and sell at $1@2,50 ₱ bbl. Peaches are not very abundant, and command 75 to $1,75 ₱ basket as in quality. Watermelons are selling at from $10 to $17 ₱ 100. Dried Fruit is entirely nominal in value. North Carolina Peanuts range from $1,85 to $1,90, with but few offering.

HEMP—There is very little offering, and no demand.

HIDES are dull, and prices somewhat unsettled. City Slaughter are selling at 9c.

HOPS are very dull. New Eastern and Western sell in a retail way at 11@15c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal has been moderate, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1800 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $22@23,50 ₱ ton for No 1; $22@22,50 for No 2, and $19@20 for No 3. There have been no further sales of Charcoal Iron. Scotch Pig Iron is in limited supply, and nominally held at $24, 6 mos. A sale of 50 tons Charcoal Blooms at $65, 6 mos. Rails, Boiler Plates and Bars sell in a small way at previous rates.

LEAD—There is out little Pig Lead offering, and no further sales have transpired. We quote Spanish at $5,87½@5,90, cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for prime heavy Spanish Sole and Slaughter at full rates, but the market is nearly bare, while common qualities are in fair supply and dull.

LUMBER—The receipts are falling off, as well as the demand, and there is very little doing. Sales of White Pine Shipping Boards at $14@18; Southern Yellow Pine Sap do at $14@.5. A cargo of Carolina Flooring Boards at $18; Laths, in lots, at $1,50@1,62, and Pickets at $5,50@6,50 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—There has been rather more doing, but prices remain without change. Sales of a cargo of 325 hhds, 40 tcs common Clayed Cardenas at 18c; 300 hhds do do at 21c, and a cargo of 233 hhds 40 tcs Muscovado at 25c—all on time.

PLASTER has been in good request, but closed dull. Three cargoes Soft sold at $3 ₱ ton.

SPIRITS—Are in rather better request. Small sales of N E Rum at 36@38c. Of Whiskey there is very little offering, and with a good inquiry, prices have advanced one cent. Sales of 1000 bbls Ohio at 27@27½c; 500 Pennsylvania do. at 26@26½c; small lots do at 27c; hhds, which are scarce, at 28c, and Drudge at 25@26c—closing firm at our highest figures.

SUGAR—The market was dull early in the week, but at the close there was more inquiry, and holders advanced their views ⅛@¼c ₱ lb. Sales of 1120 hhds Cuba at $5,62½@6,62½—chiefly of refining grades at $5,62½@5,75; 300 hhds New Orleans at $6@7,25, including a choice lot at $8; and 420 hhds low grade Cuba at $5,25—all on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are trifling, and there is not much offering. Small sales at $5,37½@5,62½ ₱ 64 lb. A sale of 10 tons recleaned for export at 9½ ₱ lb. The receipts of new Timothy have somewhat increased, and it is in fair demand at $2,75@3 ₱ bus. The market is bare of American Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,60@1,65.

TALLOW—City Rendered is steady at 11c ₱ lb cash, with very limited sales. Country Tallow is scarce.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for Manufactured, and prices are quite firm, but Leaf is neglected.

WOOL—The stocks in the dealers' hands are unusually light, and holders firm, but the demand is limited, most of the large manufacturers having made their purchases direct from the growers, and the sales are confined to small lots of Fleece, within the range of 38@55c for common to full blood and fine quality.

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McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
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THE STOCK MARKET

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856			Pennsylvania R R		
" " '62	105	—	1st mort bonds	99½	100
" " '67	109	—	2nd "	95	97
" " '68	109	—	stock		
" 5 " coupon '74s	101	—	Interest off	40	40¼
Phila 6 pr ct, old	89	99½	Cam & Amboy 6		
" " new	102½	—	pr ct bonds 1854	—	95
" 5 "	—	94½	" stock	117	118
Phila 6 pr ct	76	—	Reading R R 6		
" 6 coupon	—	95	pr ct bonds '70	79	80
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	55	73	mort 6's '44	89	91
" County "	—	—	" '56	—	89
R R issue	42½	—	stock	22½	22¾
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—	Lehigh Valley R R		
" 5 "	91½	92	mort 6 pr ct	96	97
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—	" stock	98	99
" coupon	74	77	Phila, Wil & Balt		
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—	stock	93	95
Missouri 6 "	89¾	—	6 pr ct loan '60	92½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108	—	Ches Val R R	78	42
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96¾	Tioga R R	75	—
Virginia 6 "	97½	—	Will'ms & Elmira		
Indiana State 5 pr ct	93	—	7's 1st mort	—	51
Cal. State 7 pr ct			2d "	—	90
new bonds	91¼	92	stock	—	30
N City 1873-5	114	116	Catawissa	2	4
BANK STOCKS, &c.			Beaver Meadow		
PHILADELPHIA.			stock	56	56½
North America	—	130	preferred 10 pr ct	55	—
Philadelphia	116	118	North Penna R R		
Far & Mec	59	—	stock	8	9½
Commercial	44½	46½	6 pr ct loan	—	81
N Liberty	61	—	Phil Ger & Nor RR		
Mechanics	27	27½	stock	50½	51
Southwark	99	—	6 pr ct loan	97	102½
P Township	83	86	Minehill R R	56	56½
Kensington	84	—	Har and Lan R R		
Girard	46½	46¾	stock	56	56½
Western	—	99	bonds '68	90	—
Man & Mech	26	27½	L. Schuylkl R R		
Commerce	—	70	stock	15	16
Tradesman's	65½	—	Long Island R R		
City	43½	—	stock	10½	11
Consolidation	24½	25	bonds	81	83
Commonwealth	19	20	Erie R R stock	24	—
Corn Exchange	20½	—	Hudson River R R	31½	—
Germantown	—	—	N Y Centrs. "	72½	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—	Michigan Centrs. "	47½	48½
Exchange "	54	—	Illinois "	64	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	—	Michigan Southern	71	—
Northern "	—	—	CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Louisville "	114	—	Sch'yl Nav 6 pr ct		
Farmers "	130	—	loan '29	69	69½
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	102	imp 6 pr ct	75	—
Planters "	112	—	stock	—	34
N O Gas Light	140	—	preferred	16½	17
Com & R R Bank			Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
Vicksburg	7	7½	mort 6 pr ct	—	98
Washington Gas			scrip "	25	25½
Light Co	23½	—	Morris Canal "	41	52½
Lehigh Zinc	15	—	preferred	104½	104¾
New Creek	—	—	Ches & Del	46	—
New Grenada	—	—	bonds	77½	—
N America Ins'nce	14½	—	Union	2	2½
N Liberties Gas	—	21	bonds	28	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	60	62	Sus & Tidewater	24	4
Bonds	—	93	bonds 1878	30	35

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Daniel D. Foster, to Miss Elizabeth B. Fullerton, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. And. Manship, Frederick Godshall, Jr. of this city, to Miss Maggie E. Seal, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. James Miller, to Miss Elizabeth Myers, both of this city.

On the 20th of May, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. Henry H. T. Borden, to Miss Annie Little, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Watts, Mr. Alex. Reid, of Germantown, to Miss Jane McKinney, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. James Chambers, to Miss Deborah Rogan, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Jackson, William Welsh, to Miss Sarah T. Leech, both of this city.

At Eliadale Cottage, on the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, David B. Erwin, Esq. to Josephine, daughter of C. Stratton, Esq.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Weymouth, Mass., Aug. 25th, 1859, of cholera infantum, Elizabeth H. only daughter of C. A. and Lucy E Richards, of Phila., aged 12 weeks.

At Gloucester, on the 22d ultimo, Mrs. Mary B. Colyer, aged 60 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Richard Harding, aged 88 years.

On the 22d ultimo, William Kimple, aged 49.

On the 23d ultimo, George W. Foulkrod, aged 34 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. Mary Archer, aged 29 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Prall, aged 76 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Henry W. Shannon, aged 49 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Charles Doublebower, aged 26 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Alexander Creighton, aged 73 years.

On the 19th ultimo, at Chestnut Hill, Henry J. Bounds.

At the U. S. Naval Asylum, on the 20th ultimo, William Hull, aged 82 years.

On the 21st ultimo, William McDowell, aged 54 years.

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